

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

No. 275.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

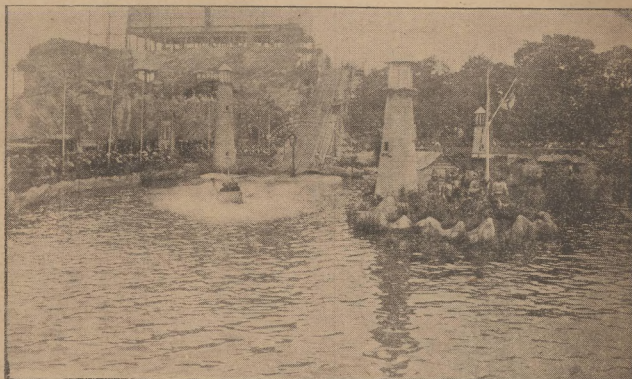
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

FREE "MIRROR" GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE NEXT SATURDAY.



Photograph of a fireworks display at the Palace. "Mirror" readers will see a finer display than this on Saturday, September 24. They will be admitted to the Palace on producing a "Mirror" coupon.



The water chute at the Crystal Palace. One of the attractions which "Daily Mirror" readers will have an opportunity of enjoying next Saturday. Over this picture is a view of models of prehistoric monsters in the grounds.

POOR DEAD GORILLA!



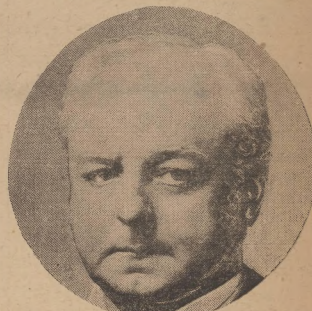
Chloe, the intelligent missing link at the Zoo. She died on Sunday. Since her mate, Venus, succumbed a few weeks ago, Chloe had been in poor health and spirits.

WOMEN STRIKERS IN ACTION AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.



A photograph showing almost a state of war. The police have been attacked on several occasions and women badly hurt in serious battles.

THE KING'S HOST.



Lord Burton, the head of the huge brewing firm, who is entertaining the King at Glenquoich.—(Langflier.)

RUSSIAN TROOPS MARCH INTO MUKDEN.



Reinforcements for Kuropatkin. A photograph taken by Mr. J. H. Hare, the enterprising war correspondent of "Collier's Weekly."

PRINCE BISMARCK II. DEAD.



The German statesman, whose principal misfortune was that he was his father's son. (Bassano.)

EDWARDS—On September 16, at Campanile House, Ramstead-street, Huddersfield, the wife of Thomas Henry Edwards, of a daughter.
 FORD—On the 17th inst., at 50, Weymouth-street, London, W. the wife of W. Ford, of the Grove, Malpas, near Newport, Mon., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BRUMMIT-GOOD—On September 15, 1904, at Holy Trinity, Bourne-mouth, by the Rev. Martin, Mark to Ethel Bessie Good, of Wallington, N.Z. September 15, MARSHALL-HILLARD—On Wednesday, September 15, at St. Alban's, Teignmouth, Chas. de Zouche Marshall, M.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Thornton, Devon, to Ethel Frances, eldest daughter of F. Hillard, of 50, Strawberry-hill-road, Twickenham.

DEATHS.

HOPKINS—On the 15th inst., at Scarborough, suddenly, Captain Randolph Gerat Hopkins, of the Suffolk Regiment, second son of the Rev. H. G. Hopkins, Vicar of Epsall, Staffordshire.
 OWEN—On September 14, at 40, Tudor-square, Chelsea, N.W., Edward Gough Fitzroy Kelly, only son of Edward Amelney Owen, Barrister-at-law, in his 25th year.

PERSONAL.

WILL A. Reed, who lived at Rymills, 1897, send his address to LILL O.
 EVELYN—Delighted; received both. Dearest, keep confident, as all my feelings love is yours.
 DEAREST E—Received letter, inserted 9th. Disgusted never. Pray confide all. Ever love—WILL.
 WOODHOUSE—Please accept, sincere apology; seeming slight not intentional; unhappy, thinking someone's slight hurt.
 MUSIC for the Million—Composers of high-class and popular music might find it advantageous to communicate with the Music Editor, "Daily Mirror," Carmelite-street, E.C.

PRIVATE INQUIRY—Author of "Guide to Employment" would like to communicate with anyone having knowledge of the working of private inquiry office of office—Apply in confidence, Box 1559, "Daily Mirror" Office, Carmelite-street, E.C.

* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They will be brought to the notice of the advertiser by post in order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after first advertisement. Manager "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

ADELPHI. Lessee and Manager, OIRO STUART. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15 precisely. THE FIGHT OF THE SWORD. By James Bernard Fagan. Tel.: 2643 Gerrard.
CRITERION. Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. M.T. Wed. and Sat. at 8.30. MISS ADA RIEVE and COMPANY, in 10. WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel.: 3193 Gerrard.
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. J. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30. Shakespeare's Comedy, THE TEMPEST.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. LAST WEEKS. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. SPECIAL WEEDS EVERY MATINEE at 2.30. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel.: 3193 Gerrard.
SHAFTESBURY. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Mr. Harry W. Savage's American Co. in THE KING OF THE RINGS. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 precisely, in a Romance adapted from the story of Othello Miles Forgan by Sydney Granville. THE GARDEN OF LIES. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30. MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop. TO-NIGHT at 7.45. MAT. THURSDAY, 2.30. The Prince of Wales. Mr. George Edwards's Principal Company in

CORONET THEATRE. Tel. 1273 Kens. TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. UNDER TWO FLAGS. Miss Ida Moleworth and Company.
CAMDEN THEATRE. Tel. 323 K.C. TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. JULIA NEILSON, FRED TERRILL and the London Comedy, in SUNDAY.
CROWN THEATRE, Peckham. Tel. 412 Hop. TO-NIGHT at 7.45. MAT. WED. 2.30. The successful musical play, KITTY GREY.

THE OXFORD. THE-FIGHTING PARSON. By George Gray and Co. Queenie Leighton, THE BOARDS, Fred and the London Comedy, in SUNDAY. Lambert, WILKIE BARD, J. H. Milburn, Martinetti and Great, KELLY and GILBERT, the Woodville Wonders, and other stars. Open 7.25. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager, MR. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TODAY. CAFE CHANTANT at 5.0 and 7.0. Military Bands. Far East War Pictures. Maxims Firing Machine. Tong-Tong Railway. Water Chute. Table d'hôte luncheon and dinner in the New Dining Room overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

BROMENADE CONCERTS. QUEEN'S HALL. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Queen's Hall Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Henry J. Wood. Tickets, 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s.

STONE'S ESSENCE OF RENNET (for Juniors). On view at Grosvenor Exhibition, London. STAND 177, ROW 7. Free samples on application. Apply to STONE and SON, Dept. M. 156, Fore-street, EXETER.

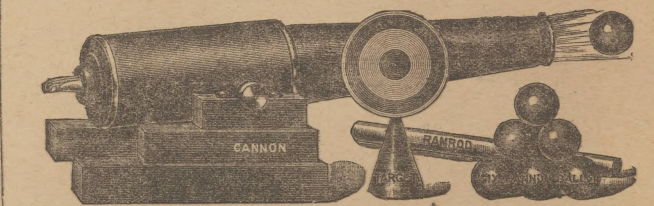
THE "KILTIES" ARE COMIN'. ROYAL ALBERT HALL. THIS "KILTIES" ARE COMIN'. Commencing REPT. 24. THE "KILTIES" ARE COMIN'. Chas. G. Great-Baird.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st. Within, E.C. London. 38, Bedford-st. Charing Cross. E.C. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Office, 100, Strand, W.C. and a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus. A. J. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

"JAPANESE MONSTER CANNON."

A MARVELLOUS WAR NOVELTY.
 NEARLY 1½ FEET LONG!!
 FIRES 1½-inch (harmless) projectile.
 Price only 3/6. Worth double the money.



HUGE FUN FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

The "Japanese Monster Cannon" is nearly 1½ feet in length, and is mounted on a realistic Gun Carriage, Enamelled Khaki Colour, and Fires a 1½-inch (harmless) Projectile representing real ammunition. There are Six Shells, a Ramrod, and a Metal Target in Red, White, and Blue. The "Japanese Monster Cannon" is a large work-ing model of the Present Century Armaments, and recalls vividly the exploits of the famous 4-7 Guns of H.M.S. Powerful at Ladysmith. It is the most marvellous Novelty that has been placed on the market for years, and certainly the biggest value for money ever offered. Remember the price is only 3/6, postage and packing 4d. extra.

3/6 3/6
 large work-ing model of the Present Century Armaments, and recalls vividly the exploits of the famous 4-7 Guns of H.M.S. Powerful at Ladysmith. It is the most marvellous Novelty that has been placed on the market for years, and certainly the biggest value for money ever offered. Remember the price is only 3/6, postage and packing 4d. extra.

IT PROVIDES AMUSEMENT FOR ALL.

Postal Orders to be sent to:—The Novelty Supply, Department X, 12 and 13, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/1d. (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed **Coutts and Co.** (stamps will not be accepted).
 "Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.
 COMPANION to lady (21), experienced; no objection to travel—B. 40, Southgate, Highgate, N.
USEFUL Help (24) seeks situation in fact; undertake all duties; excellent references; good salary—K. 6, Fox-march, Battersea.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.
 BETWEEN-MAID wanted at once for town; one with some experience preferred, or one who had been a general; wages 21s-23s—Write Y.B. 45, New Bond-st., E.C.
 HOUSE-MAID wanted at once, Cooks, Housemaids, Kitchenmaids, and full particulars to Mrs. Cordner-James, 3, Dollis Hill-lane, N. W.
 LADY Help wanted; one little girl; servant kept—45, L. Highgate-rd., Despatch.
 WANTED at once, Cooks, Housemaids, Kitchenmaids, and full particulars to Mrs. Cordner-James, 3, Dollis Hill-lane, N. W.
 Call to-day, Domestic Registry, 51, Conduit-st. W.; entrance Mill-st.

Miscellaneous.

AGENTS (limited number) wanted to introduce our Private Greeting Christmas Cards to their friends; liberal commission; particulars free—Bolton and Co., Stationers, Kings Lynn.
 AGENTS wanted: Kyf-Kol; 6d. packet saves 1 ton of coal; one agent's profit, Y.B. 45, New Bond-st., E.C. can do this—Cy. 101, Hault, Doncaster.
 A KIT—Persons wanted who could knit a small number of 2s. prints and postcards weekly; town or country; good prices—Addressed envelope, A. 6, Great James-st., London, W.C.
 W.C. (young) wanted to represent a well-known firm; liberal terms and good prospects to suitable applicant—Apply H. 156, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.
 TUBE-Monthly Training offered to a lady in the packing department of a hand laundry managed by ladies; must be strong—Write 1295, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st. W.
 VOCAL and instrumental vacancies for rising talent; resident scholarships; free instruction—Furns Secretary, London Conservatoire Central Bureau, 62, Queen's-rd., Baywater; Branches, Birmingham; Camden Lodge, Little-hampton.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, and VEHICLES.

ANIMALS' HOSPITAL. Kinnerton-st., Knightsbridge; dogs, cats, etc. boarded; finest kennels in London; free out-patients, 3-6.
FOR SALE. lovely King Charles Dog; also puppies—20, Westcliffe-road, Harrogate.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen: Army, professional, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.M.R. (The Buffs); junior school for boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BALDNESS CURE FREE.—Wonderful French treatment; never fails; hair grows ten days—Write X, Henri France, Brixton-rd., London.
A TRIAL order collected; high-class tailoring on easy payments; made to measure—Woods and Greville, 76, Fore-st., E.C.
ANY "Flat Foot" cured; booklet free—"Le Pied," Boot-maker, 76, Leadenhall-st.
ASTHMA CURED by Zenstone—Write for free trial box to Corfield, 4, Lloyd-st., London.
AYTON'S Embrocation for all kinds of wounds; sample bottle two penny stamps—4, Hiveson-st., Walworth, London.
COMPLEXION.—Princess Christian, Countess Roberts use Ayton's Face Cream for 5 pence; sample box of Cream, Powder, Water Creamer, and Perfume for aspicence—Cricine Company, Limited, 312, Regent-st., London.
DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN HEAD.—Gentlemen (Cured) Hignett will send Particulars of Remedy Free—H. Clifton, 21, Amberley House, 36, Waterloo-rd., London.
FAMILIES Removing—Dell's Pantechnicon, Orville-road, Battersea, London. Write for estimate, free.
HIGH increased 3 inches without fear of detection—Full particulars send penny stamp, Howard, 5, Morecambe-st., E.C.
INDIGESTION.—Why suffer? For effectual treatment, postcard to H. De Marcier, Stamford.

OLD Artificial Teeth Bought.—Being largest manufacturing Denish, we can afford to give the highest prices; call, or post, cash per return, or offer made—The Paris Teeth Co. (Dk), 219, Oxford-st., 219, London.
OLD Artificial Teeth bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made—Messrs. W. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st., London (Estab. 100 years).
OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd., Hove, Brighton.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stamford.

VARIKOSE Veins are dangerous; don't neglect; send for catalogue and sample of New Viko Cure—London Stockings; marvelous remedy—Surgical Appliance Manufacturing Co., 231, Sherwood-st., Nottingham.

WARTS. These unsightly blemishes absolutely cured in 10 days; P.O. 1s. bottle, post free—Vernan and Co., 21, St. Giles's, Norwich.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER.

36, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.
 GREAT CLEARANCE SALE—LIFT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.
 9/6. GENT'S 3/4 INCH 18-CARAT GOLD-PLATED CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold double Cart Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 16 years' wear, worth 42 shillings together, sacrifice 9s. 6d. Approval before payment.
 9/6. LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD-PLATED KEYSER'S WATCH, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch (Guaranteed 18-carat gold-plated, elegant West End design; guaranteed 15 years' wear. Two together, sacrifice 9s. 6d., worth 42 sh. Approval before payment.
 17/9. LADY'S WATCH, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved case, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also trial, Sacrifice 17s. 9d. Another, superior sacrifice 25s. Approval.
 10/6. HANDBONE 45 S. SERVICE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers, and Steel; Crayford Ivory handled handles; unsold; sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.
 8/6. GENT'S CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat gold stamped, fitted in Morocco case, Sacrifice 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.
 45/- GENT'S SOLID GOLD-PLATED KEYSER'S ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, by "Richards," London, Chronometer-maker to the Admiralty; fully jewelled, 12 years' warranty, worth free trial, Sacrifice 45s. Approval willingly.
 21/- HANDBONE 10-10 AIR MUSICAL BOX, magnificent instrument, brilliant tone, latest popular tunes, Sacrifice 21s. Approval willingly.
 HANDBONE LONG NECK CHAIN, genuine 18-5/9. carat gold stamped filled, choice design, in Morocco case, 5s. 9d. Sacrifice 5s. 9d. Approval before payment, extra long. Sacrifice 7s. 6d. Approval before payment.
 6/9. FIELD, Race, or Marine Glass, 4 1/2 4s. military lenses, in auditor-made ring case, Sacrifice 6s. 9d. Superior quality. Great sacrifice 9s. 6d. Approval before payment.
 9/6. MAGNIFICENT 45 S. 4-plate HAND CAMERA; takes 12 plates, time and snapshot shutter, with developing and printing accessories. Sacrifice 9s. 6d. Approval willingly.
 8/6. LOVELY REAL RUSSIAN SABLE for colour and rich and lustrous, long Fur Necklet, with handsome Muff to match; worth 3 guineas. Sacrifice 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.
 18/9. MAGNIFICENT 45 S. PHOTOGRAPH, with album, 100 prints, 25 1/2 5s. solid gold, hall-marked DIAMOND and EMERALD DOUBLET HALF-HOOP RING, shape, double-branded, fashionable, revers, also storm collar, richly lined; worth 430; great sacrifice, 45 1/2 5s. Approval willingly.
 O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER and JEWELLER, 26, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

Wanted to Purchase.

CAST-OFF Clothes of every description bought; for parcels sent utmost value remitted same day.—Mr. and Mrs. George Minter, 11, Bishop-rd., W.

LADIES' Wearing Apparel purchased; highest prices.—The Agency, 219, Upper-st., Linton.

STAMP Collections and Rare Stamps bought for prompt cash.—Healey's, 14, Wormwood-st., E.C.

PARTNERSHIPS and FINANCIAL.

A. "How Money Makes Money."—Post free for A. mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with 21 capital upwards how large profits may be made. £10 can make from £5 to £10 profit per week! Not so hard, is it? Capital not negotiable; any moment—Ridley and Shindler, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

ADVANCE your income 20s. weekly; samples free.—D. M. 156, High-st., Harlesden.

FIVE POUNDS to £500 ADVANCED on shortest notice, on approved note hand, on your own security; no payments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write particulars to the Western Union, 25, 259, Romford-rd., Forest Gate, E. London.

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY" (post free)—Everyone with a few pounds capital should be able to write for above pamphlet, showing how £10 may be invested and return £2 10s. weekly profit; large or smaller amounts in proportion; no hazardous risk or speculation; no previous experience necessary; capital entirely under your control.—Howard, Marshall, and Co., 105, Abchurch-lane, London.

LOANS.—210 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.; repay by post.—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

LOANS.—£50 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post.—Apply Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

MONEY.—For private loans, £15 upwards, without securities—George Banks, Eagle-square, Gravesend.

£50 to £1000 ADVANCED to householders and others on 35 approved notes of hand; no cretices required; trade bills discounted on instant notice; strictly private and confidential; before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Lillingdon-green, Lillingdon, London.

5 PER CENT Interest paid for Mortgage on freehold house; about £300.—Victor, 24, Melmoth-lane, Homerton.

200 (or part) Maxim Firing Machine (Lancashire fully paid Shares; 21s. 6d.—Hargreave, Clifton-st., Blackpool.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

HASTINGS.—Combined Room, large bed; close sea, rail; board optional; 12s. 6d.—28, Ryegate.
HASTINGS.—Haddon Hall Hotel, Warrior-s; special pension terms (27s. 6d. to 62s.); unexcelled cuisine, position; billiards, tennis, etc.—Haddon Hall Hotel, Hastings.
HASTINGS.—"Loriot" Boarding Residence, Warrior-s, 22s. 25s.; sanitation certified; bath, tennis.
HASTINGS.—Luxurious Board-Residence (12s. to 62s. 6d.); excellent table; tennis, billiards, etc.—The Moss, 54, Warrior-s.
RAMSGATE.—Cantwell's popular Board-Residence; 18s. to 45s.; inclusive; recommended; musical; 148 House, Westcliff-rd.
SOUTHEAST (Dudbrook House, 114, Southchurch-avenue). Large front double-bedded sitting room; piano, attendance; near sea, trains, and station; terms low for permanent residence.

BOARD RESIDENCE & APARTMENTS.

A LADY has 5 unfurnished rooms to let; ladies only—Apply No. 3, Warrington-gardens, Maida Vale, W.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 13, 15 and 16.

PORT ARTHUR'S DEATH THROES.

Combatants Reach the Pitch
of Venomous Fury.

WHITE FLAG IGNORED.

Thrilling Narrative of a Prince
Who Escaped.

WOMEN'S HEROISM.

Ghastly scenes of savagery are described by Prince Radziwili, who has just left Port Arthur. Admiral Wierens, commanding the Port Arthur squadron, has begged the Tsar to hasten the departure of the Baltic fleet. He says that the crews are burning to start and fight their way through.

Fresh attacks have been made on the fortress and more Japanese troops are arriving.

General Kuropatkin reports important reconnaissances near Mukden, which entailed heavy fighting and serious Russian casualties. Both sides have been reinforced, and a general engagement is expected.

SIEGE HORRORS.

Bodies of Unburied Troops Lie in
Festering Heaps.

Appalling stories of savagery are told by Prince Radziwili, a Russian lieutenant, who has succeeded in entering and leaving Port Arthur with dispatches.

In an interview, the Prince said that the temper of the belligerents at Port Arthur had now reached an absolutely merciless pitch. Both sides are absolutely venomous in the fury of their antagonism. He had followed the operations in the Boer war with the British, but until he had seen Port Arthur he had no idea that war could be so horrible.

RESISTANCE TO PREVENT MASSACRE.

General Stoessel declared to the garrison that the present temper of the Japanese made resistance to the last drop of blood a necessity, as if the fortress were entered the Japanese officers would undoubtedly be unable to restrain their men from massacre.

Horrible slaughter follows the total disregard of the white flag by both sides.

Two companies of Japanese, being at the mercy of the Russians, hoisted the white flag. The Russians paid no attention, but fired volley after volley, while the Japanese in the rear, seeing the white flag, expressed their disapproval by firing into their comrades. The two companies were annihilated, 600 men being shot down.

They fell among the decomposing bodies of the victims of previous assaults. For days afterwards wounded men were seen lifting their arms and fluttering handkerchiefs in impotent appeals for help. But the Russians were afraid to venture out.

Within a week the last arm had signalled its unregarded prayer, and the shambles where the 600 had fallen was still, but a place of horror.

In the midst of the heaps of dead a Russian and a Japanese lay locked in a death embrace, the Japanese with his teeth sunk in the Russian's throat, while two of the Russian's fingers were buried in the eye-sockets of his foe.

MADAME STOESSEL'S HEROISM.

The garrison consider Madame Stoessel their guardian angel. She takes the lead in the Red Cross work, and is in almost constant attendance at the hospital, caring for the wounded. She also finds time to aid the orphans and widows and superintend the making of bandages.

Prince Radziwili says there is abundance of ammunition, and plenty of preserved food.

General Stoessel inspires the confidence of his garrison, and he is cheered on parade.

One company, which occupied a perilous out-post, finding the position untenable sent word to General Stoessel: "We are unable to hold the position." "But you can die," the General replied. And so they died.

FIGHTING WITH HIS FISTS.

Lieutenant Petroff was surrounded by Japanese and fought successfully until his sword was broken. He then used his fists, but Japanese bayonets quickly put an end to his resistance. Before his sword broke he put eight Japanese hors de combat, meanwhile receiving wounds all over his body.

On September 14 more than two thousand dead Japanese were discovered between Forts 2 and 2, the stench having attracted an investigation. The Russians admit their inability to explain what fire caused the slaughter.—Reuter's Special Service.

A telegram from Madrid says that a supposed British vessel has been fired at and seized by a Russian cruiser off Cape Santa Maria.

MAGIC WALKER IN MID-AIR.

Blondin's Great Rival Will Eclipse All Records on
the "Daily Mirror" Gala Day.

To obtain something for nothing is a common, but seldom realised, ambition.

Nevertheless, on Saturday next the *Daily Mirror* will make a free gift to all its readers of a colossal "something," which represents an expenditure of capital only rendered possible by the enormously increased popularity of this journal.

Cut out from the *Daily Mirror* of Saturday next a coupon to be issued on that day.

Present the slip of paper at any entrance to the Crystal Palace, and—presuming you go in the morning—you will be admitted with from ten to twelve hours of continuous amusement. Not the merry-go-round-shooting-gallery type of amusement, but an unceasing round of important record-breaking events, any one of which would make a "sensation" at an ordinary entertainment.

There is no limitation respecting the number of relatives or friends whom you take to the Crystal Palace on Saturday next. Hand in the corresponding number of coupons; that is all.

For the insignificant sum of one halfpenny each

bouring hills looked on in helpless, breathless anxiety.

Happily, however, the man was strapped to M. Orion's shoulders, and, although he slipped a little, he was saved from falling.

The dead weight of the unconscious man rendered it necessary for M. Orion to complete the walk in a contorted position, his hands being on a level with the wire.

When M. Blondin performed his historic feat at Niagara the wire was suspended at a height of 150ft.; the space below M. Orion on his trying journey in the Alps was no less than 750ft.

But the clever and plucky equilibrist is not satisfied with this achievement.

"I am prepared," he said last evening, "to ride a bicycle across a rope stretched from Dover to Calais. I have long entertained the idea, and if any person or syndicate would furnish the necessary appliances I would undertake to accomplish the task."

M. Orion invites any stranger to ride on his back across the wire. Applicants for this distinction

MONSTER TIME TABLE OF AMUSEMENTS.

10. 0.—Old English Fair: Switchback Railway, etc.; Boating on Great Lake; Monkey and Parrot House, and Aquarium. Distorting Mirrors; Sea Trip through the Bay of Naples. Giant Waltzing Tops; Topsy-Turvy Passenger Railway. Fairy Archipelago; Water Chute; Rapids. Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machine; Grand Panorama, "The Siege of Paris."
11. 0.—Animated Pictures of the Russo-Japanese War, in Electric Theatre. Giant Tableau—"Great Fire of London," in Music Courts.
- 11.30.—COOR'S GREAT WAR KITES will make ascents from the Grounds.
- 11.30 till 12.30.—Organ Recital on Great Organ in Centre Transept, by Mr. Walter W. Hedgecock.
12. 0.—Military Band in North Tower Gardens.
- 12.30 till 1.0.—MELBA AND CARUSO at GRAMOPHONE CONCERT in Centre Transept.
1. 0.—CAFE CHANTANT in North Tower Gardens.
- 2.30.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT in Centre Transept. Band of the Royal Fusiliers in North Tower Gardens.
3. 0.—THE WORLD-RENOUNDED KILTIES' BAND will give their FIRST CONCERT AND DANCES in EUROPE in the Theatre. Motor Cycle Races on the Track. Norwood Prize Band on the Cycle Track. Polo Matches.
- 3.30.—BEAUTY COMPETITION in Concert Room. Cafe Chantant Entertainment in North Tower Gardens. Band of the 8th Hussars on Grand Terrace. Band of the Coldstream Guards in Centre Transept.
4. 0 to 4.45.—STUPENDOUS AERIAL FEAT by Orion, from Mammoth Towers on Grand Terrace.
5. 0.—WORLD'S GREATEST BALLOON will make its First Ascent from the Grounds. Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens. Band of the Royal Fusiliers near Maxim's Aisling.
- 5.30.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT in Centre Transept.
- 6.30.—Upper Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.
7. 0.—CAFE CHANTANT ENTERTAINMENT in North Tower Gardens.
- 7.30.—Band of the 8th Hussars in Centre Transept.
8. 0.—Military Band on Grand Terrace.
- 8.30.—MID-AIR WALKING ON FIRE; ORION'S WONDERFUL PYROTECHNIC FEAT ON Grand Terrace.
9. 0.—MAGNIFICENT FIREWORK DISPLAY by Messrs. Brock. 9.30 to 10.30.—Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens. Band of the Royal Fusiliers in Centre Transept. Band of the 8th Hussars in South Nave. Gorgeous Illumination of Park and Gardens by myriads of fairy lamps.

a married man will be able to afford his wife and family a memorable day's outing. The stupendous programme is of such a diversified character that it will appeal to all.

During the past few days hints have appeared in the *Daily Mirror* and other journals of a startling mid-air performance that will be essayed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next.

The arrangements for this spectacle having now been completed, it is possible to furnish fuller details.

Between two mammoth Eiffel Tower-like structures which are being erected on the Palace terrace a cable wire will be suspended at a great altitude.

Across this wire M. Theo. Orion, the world-famous funambulist, who has been trained by Blondin, will ride a bicycle, carry a man on his back, stand on his head while blindfolded, give a fireworks display, and perform other evolutions of a novel and surprising character.

BEATING THE NIAGARA RECORD.

A quaint and laughable feature of this mid-air performance will be after the manner of the notorious "Weary Willie." That disreputable personages, to realise that he has nothing more substantial to stand upon than a slender wire swaying in mid-air!

M. Orion is a fearless performer. Once in the Savoy Alps he bore a man on his shoulders across a slim wire stretched over a yawning gulf, 350ft. wide and 750ft. deep.

When the middle of the chasm was reached M. Orion's companion chanced to look down. The spectacle so terrified him that he fainted. The thousands of spectators who swarmed the neigh-

bouring hills looked on in helpless, breathless anxiety.

Another addition to the long list of attractions already published in the *Daily Mirror* is Mr. Robert Gilbert's "sensational high-diving and football dogs." These clever animals, assisted by a troupe of no less accomplished cats, will present a programme at once interesting and amusing.

ALL-BRITAIN BEAUTY SHOW.

Intending competitors for the three prizes in this event should forward their names and addresses at once to the General Manager, Crystal Palace, London.

A photograph of each competitor—which will be returned—must be enclosed in the letter. No entrance fee will be charged.

The rival claims of the beauties who are finally invited to appear at the Crystal Palace will be decided by voting papers distributed among the spectators.

The largest balloon in the world, which will make an ascent at five o'clock, was manufactured by Messrs. Short Brothers, Saville-street, Portland-place, contractors to the Indian Government.

This inflated monster stands 80ft. high from car to summit of envelope. It contains two miles of sewing, five miles of cordage, and three-quarters of a mile of fabric.

The world-famous musicians, dancers, singers, and pipers are due to arrive at Liverpool to-day. After a Canadian and American tour extending over 100,000 miles, the "Kilties" will make their first appearance in Europe at the Crystal Palace.

Just a reminder that all that is necessary is to cut the coupon from next Saturday's *Daily Mirror* and hasten with it to the Crystal Palace.

BOYCOTTED KING.

Powers Ignore Servian Monarch's
Coronation.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BELGRADE, Monday Night.—Though the streets of the Servian capital are decorated for the coronation of King Peter on Wednesday, no sign of festivity is noticeable.

Only Germany, Austria, Italy, and Roumania are sending special messages of congratulation, all the other Powers who have consented to take part in the coronation being merely represented by their resident Ministers in a formal manner.

Another thing which casts a gloom over the city is the fact that no foreign Prince or military officer, not even a Turkish pasha, will be seen at the ceremony.

England and Holland, who withdrew their representatives after the murder of the late King and Queen, will ignore the ceremony.

The Prince of Montenegro has arrived, but he is the father-in-law of King Peter, and Montenegro is not one of the Great Powers.

Now, for the first time perhaps, the full consequences of the abominable crime of June, 1903, are being realised. Only to that can be ascribed Europe's general attitude of complete indifference to the coronation of the ill-fated Alexander's successor.

ITALY IN TURMOIL.

Children Stop Trams by Lying on the
Rails.

Latest advices point to the danger of Italy being involved in a universal strike as being over.

A painful incident is reported by Reuter from Genoa. Detectives had arrested a known anarchist, who had sought to stop the carriage of General Escard. In an attempt to rescue one of the detectives was struck on the head, and immediately drew his revolver and shot his assailant dead.

At Pontenovo an attempt was made to blow up the post office, and a tram was stopped by children lying down in front of the rails.

Fierce fights occurred between the strikers and police, one workman being killed and many injured. Cavalry were called out at Milan to prevent the strikers placing stones on the steam tram rails and to guard the streets, which at night were in darkness.

GIRL'S SIX MURDERS.

Terrible List of Crimes Confessed
at Seventeen.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—A girl named Jeanne Bonnaud, seventeen years of age, has just made a terrible confession at Saint Yrie.

She was accused of trying to drown two little children by throwing them into a well at Chatain. To this crime she confessed, and also stated that it was she who had thrown into the same well the other little children who were found dead in it.

She also confessed to having killed the little sister of the two children, whose murder she had attempted by choking it with a potato.

A little sister of Jeanne Bonnaud died a few weeks ago. Jeanne Bonnaud now confesses that she poisoned her with petroleum.

Yesterday the desperate girl managed to escape from the prison and was not re-arrested for some time.

PACIFYING THE RIOTERS.

There is hope that the riotous disturbances at Ashton-under-Lyne arising out of the strike at Curzon Mill will soon be things of the past.

The mayor has addressed a letter to the secretaries of the Operatives' Amalgamation and the Masters' Federation, calling a conciliation conference to take place to-morrow. His appeal for peace has undoubtedly quietened the rowdy element, and the further imposition of heavy fines has acted as a deterrent to the stone-throwers.

The strike, however, is still in progress, and in consequence the forty women imported from Oldham were last night again chased through the streets to Stalybridge railway station.

The provisioning of the male operatives besieged in the mill is conducted from Manchester, the food being brought in a carrier's van.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Strong easterly winds; fine in the east and north, becoming unsettled in the south-west; cool.

Lighting-up time: 7.3 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough in the south and east, moderate in the west.

Fine weather is expected on Saturday next, when the *Daily Mirror* readers get free admission to the Crystal Palace.

MR. BALFOUR TO THE RESCUE.

Quits His Golf to Save
Drowning Boys.

LAUNCHES A BOAT.

Many good golf stories have been told from time to time of Mr. Balfour, but none better than the story of how he headed a party of golfers in rescuing three little boys who were being carried out to sea in a boat near the village of Kilspondie, in Perthshire.

The Prime Minister was in the enjoyment of a golfing holiday as the guest of Earl Wemyss, and in the cool of Monday evening he and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. Ewen Charteris, and Mr. Adolphus Liddell played a "foursome."

While they went round the links a party of ladies and gentlemen sat in the verandah of the golf-house, waiting to hear the results of the match. They were startled by the shrill cries of young occupants of a boat, which they could plainly see in trouble some distance from the shore.

Boat Foundering.

A man ran up to the club-house saying the boat was filling with water and could not long float. There was naturally great excitement and anxious inquiries for a rescue boat.

One of the ladies of the party ran off at once for Mr. Balfour and the other members of the foursome.

Leaving their "Haskell's" where they lay, and placing their clubs to mark the spots, the golfers ran to the aid of the boat in distress. Mr. Balfour making the pace, bareheaded (as he invariably golfs) and throwing off his coat as he went.

All hands were quickly turned to the launching of an old fishing-boat that lay high up on the shore. The Prime Minister and his friends waded knee-deep into the sea, and by their united efforts got the heavy craft afloat.

Meanwhile, the boys were frantically baling the water out of their foundering boat, fearing their rescuers should not reach them in time.

At the Helm.

But they did. Mr. Balfour, having had some considerable experience in steering the Ship of State through stormy seas, soon had that fishing cobbler alongside the sinking boat and got the boys inside and safely back to the land.

The Premier spoke kindly to the boys. Saying they had been very brave and patient, he told them never to go to sea any more by themselves till they were a little older.

The villagers of Kilspondie are to-day blessing the name of Mr. Balfour, especially the parents of the boys. Had there been a by-election in progress it must have been a walk-over for the Conservative candidate.

Kilspondie is the place where William Wallace spent his youth, and the villagers have in consequence inherited a great veneration for appreciating incidents that stir the blood.

They will, for a time at least, bracket the name of Wallace with that of the other great Scotsman at the head of his Majesty's Government.

DANGER IN CLUBLAND.

Palaces of Pall-Mall in a Shaky
Financial State.

Many London clubs are in a shaky condition, and a crash is expected in some of them.

The great political organisations are fairly safe, though they have suffered in their revenue of late years, but some of the social clubs are in rather a parlous financial state.

The cause of their embarrassment, according to the London correspondent of the "East Anglian Daily Times," is the new rule of life, which is to leave town on Friday until the following Monday or Tuesday.

As a further prelude to disaster, there is everywhere to be noted a fall in the roll of membership. Generous old members of some clubs are in the habit of giving large donations every year, just in order to keep the establishment together.

The collapse of one club would be a signal for a wave of contagious liquidation.

THE KING'S SHOOTING TOUR.

The King left Balmoral yesterday morning for Glenquoich, where he will be entertained by Lord and Lady Burton.

Glenquoich is probably the best deer forest in the Highlands, and yields an average of 120 stags every season.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC TO VOTE.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Mr. Russell, who holds one of the Rhodes scholarships at Cambridge, will return to Oyster Bay a few days before the election in November solely for the purpose of voting for Mr. Roosevelt, and will return to England immediately afterwards.—Laffan.

LAKE UNDER THE FLOOR.

Dining-room Disappears Into the
Abyss.

A suite of dining-room furniture has made an alarming disappearance in the night from a Birmingham villa.

The family of Mr. R. H. Matthews, residing at Brierley Hill, were awakened by the house trembling violently, as though in the grip of a small earthquake.

The plaster on the walls and ceilings cracked and fell, the verandah door left its hinges, and one of the windows lay in splinters on the street.

But worse than all this, it was found that the dining-room floor had collapsed, carrying the furniture with it into a yawning pit-shaft lurking under the foundations.

Tables, chairs, ornaments, and even pictures were precipitated into the abyss, one hundred yards in depth, where they could be dimly descried floating in water.

The only thing that stood its ground was a grandfather's clock that had stopped short at 2.45 a.m., a silent witness to the precise moment of the subsidence.

The clock leaned forward with a thunder-stricken expression on its face, as though wondering whose turn it would be next, and mutely appealing to be spared another such night.

When the house was built three years ago it was understood that the old pit-shaft had been filled up. But there is plenty of room in it yet.

THREE FISHER LADS DROWNED.

Pay the Penalty for a Foolhardy
Exploit.

Yesterday morning the remains of a shattered rowing boat were found on Elbury Sands, telling a sad story of the drowning of three Devonshire fisher lads, two of whom were named Memory and Maclean, the third being a stranger.

The evening before they rowed across from Brixham to Torquay, bringing with them two other lads, whom they landed.

In spite of repeated warnings, owing to the high seas that were running, the three youths set out again for Brixham in the darkness. At ten o'clock the coastguard saw their boat in distress.

That was the last seen or heard of the unfortunate three fisher lads, until their broken craft was found on Elbury Sands.

NO "LANCASHIRE, U.S.A."

Cotton Spinners Laugh at the Sug-
gestion of Emigrating.

The proposal to transfer the Lancashire cotton industry to the United States only excited scornful comment on the Manchester Exchange yesterday.

The chief men of the spinning and weaving world characterised it as absurd.

"It is an invitation to Lancashire to commit suicide," said a prominent Oldham spinner, "and nobody outside an asylum regards it seriously. At the present time the cotton industry is expanding, and not contracting, and the great manufacturing firms have sufficient orders to keep their machinery running at its fullest capacity for the next six months. After long depression, prospects are more rosy than for years past."

The American contention that the English dominions cannot grow cotton equal to that imported from the Southern States is described as entirely false.

CANADA AND CHAMBERLAIN.

Canada is very persistent about having a visit from Mr. Chamberlain.

A professor of Montreal, in his passage through London yesterday, said:

"If he would go over and make two speeches—one in Montreal and the other at Toronto—he would meet with such a reception as would be only second to that of royalty itself."

Whatever politicians may say, the Canadian people are whole-hearted fair-traders, and a visit from Mr. Chamberlain would create an Imperial movement which nothing could stop."

ILLITERATE VOTERS IN KENSINGTON.

Thirty per cent. of the claims to votes in Kensington are signed "by authority," and the Liberal agent at the revision court yesterday suggested that the voters could not write.

The Conservative agent said that a wife could sign without the knowledge of her husband, and a canvasser remarked that in a case where this happened the man had not been on good terms with his wife since.

There is every prospect of the dispute in the Scotch coal trade being amicably settled.

The whole of the clerical staff of the Great Central Railway is to be transferred from Manchester to the Marylebone terminus.

MOTOR-CAR ELOPEMENT.

Love Story Ends in a Police
Court Charge.

The story of a motor-car elopement was told at the West London Police Court yesterday. John Mara, an engineer, was charged with stealing a car valued at £100.

Dr. Dixon, of Teddington, stated that he was the owner of the car, which he took to Mara's shop at Shepherd's Bush to have some repairs effected. When the doctor called for his car, however, he found that Mara had used it to enable him to elope with a young lady to Ipswich.

When the prisoner was arrested, he said: "I did not mean to steal it. I only had it for a fortnight." He was committed for trial.

Considerable sensation has been created at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, by the elopement of a young married man with a woman who is the mother of nineteen children.

The fugitives were seen to leave the railway station together, and as the woman is said to have taken with her a watch and other articles belonging to her husband, the matter has been put into the hands of the police.

MAN AS "VENUS."

Fortune-Teller's Identity Surprises
the Police.

To their great surprise, the Sunderland police, when they arrested Mme. Venus for fortune-telling, found that the bearer of the title was a man.

Mme. Venus was really Albert Charles Edward Norman Green, a full-bearded man, though rather small in stature.

Green, who advertised in newspapers to tell fortunes for a shilling, said that there really was a Mme. Venus, but that she decamped when the police got on her track.

A previous conviction at Grimsby being proved against him, Green was fined £10 and costs.

SPORTING PEER'S DEATH.

Lord Hastings Passes Away in His
Forty-Eighth Year.

By the death of Lord Hastings, at Melton Constable, in his forty-eighth year, a well-known figure passes from the world of sport.

His most notable successes were in 1885, when he won the Derby and the St. Leger with Melton.

It was by an extraordinary stroke of luck that the late peer acquired his title. As the younger son of a younger son his prospects were very remote.

But a series of deaths paved the way for him, and at the early age of seventeen he became Lord Hastings, with £50,000 a year, mainly derived from collieries.

His son Albert Edward Delaval, a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, succeeds to the title.

Since February, 1900, Lord Hastings had suffered from an aneurism, and he took many yachting cruises to support his failing health.

BABES OF BEAUTY.

Candidates Entering by Every Post
for the "Mirror" Competition.

There is no scarcity of pretty children in the rising generation of little English boys and girls.

Parents and guardians are filling the *Mirror* post-bag with beautiful pictures of entrants for our baby competition.

It has suddenly become a real pleasure to open letters, so many contain these tiny visions of loveliness.

To-day again we publish a number of baby faces, and it will be seen at a glance that the children are not merely beautiful in the eyes of their fond parents. They are real beauties.

Adults who forward the faces of little candidates should not omit to write their names and addresses on the backs of the photographs.

For the prettiest girl under seven there is a prize of five guineas, and the same for the prettiest boy.

ROUND-THE-WORLD WALKER.

Laurent Gustave, a young French sailor, who is walking round the world for a wage of £200, has arrived in London.

He has been on the road since June 7, 1902, and has till December, 1907, to complete his task.

Recently, at a Russian frontier station, he was arrested as a Japanese spy, because the officials were suspicious of his Japanese photos and papers. But he was released through the intercession of the French Consul.

TROOPS AS FIREMEN.

HALIFAX (N.S.), Monday.—Another great conflagration this morning swept a portion of the water front here, destroying a steamship warehouse and other business premises. Troops were ordered out to assist the firemen.

The losses are estimated at £40,000.—Reuter.

TRAINING A PRINCE.

How Italy's Little Heir
Will Be Educated.

SPARTAN SEVERITY.

While the infant heir to the throne of Italy, Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, lies ululating in his nurse's arms wise men of Italy are making special arrangements to have him trained in the way he should go along the royal road of learning.

When the precious babe has been brought from Raconigi to Rome he will be christened with all the pomp of royalty and Roman Catholicism.

Thereafter his education will be designed in detail in advance. He will be brought up on what is called in Italy the "English system."

This "system" is the one on which the King of Italy himself was reared. Born a rickety little weakling, his parents despaired for his very life, and with it for the future of their kingdom.

Italy, of all countries, demanded a ruler of quite exceptional quality. In addition to other things he must be a fighter; not a fighter in the old "hand-to-hand" sense, but a man whose military instinct would consolidate the power won by the exceptionally warlike house from which he sprang.

A Military Tutor.

Like his royal father before him, the little Prince of Piedmont will be subjected to a semi-military education. He will be placed at a very early age under a military tutor, a man of exceptional force of character, to whom the fullest powers may be safely given.

Every morning in his boyhood the little Prince will be awakened at six o'clock, having slept in a room in which there was no fire even in mid-winter.

From his warm bed to his cold bath he must go without delay. Breakfasting at seven o'clock, his lessons will begin half an hour later.

These lessons will be specially selected, not so much for the young Prince's edification as to eradicate any latent laziness in the royal constitution. The greater his distaste for a subject the more will diligence be insisted upon.

After a spell of study he will take hard lessons in horsemanship, whether it is hot, cold, raining, or snowing.

The present King often returns from these riding lessons in soaking rain, and the colds so contracted are left to cure themselves, without his scheme of life being modified in the least degree.

Lessons Before Everything.

It is a saying about the Italian Court that a king must not fear a cold.

Concurrently with this physical hardening the young prince will receive an almost encyclopaedic education. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with his lessons except with the acquiescence of his autocratic tutor.

With a view of developing his conversational powers the royal pupil will be encouraged to talk to chairs and pictures representing the High Court officials with whom he must hold conference later in life.

The Queen, bred in the comparative simplicity of the small Court of Montenegro, is an enthusiastic adherent to this spartan system of education.

No doubt in her hands it will lose some of its most startling rigours, but its object will remain the same—to make her son a king, alike in name and nature, a ruler born and bred.

UNPOPULAR AMERICAN METHODS.

There is likely to be serious trouble in the engineering and shipbuilding trades over the introduction of the American premium bonus system.

After an inquiry extending over several months the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades Federation, composed of twenty-four different trade unions, has issued a report totally condemning the system as "uneven in operation and harsh and unjust in its application, creating jealousy and ill-feeling in the workshops." It has been the cause of more discharges than any strike in the history of the engineering trade.

TROWELS TO PAY THE RATE.

When the Paddington overseers called at Dr. Clifford's residence yesterday to distract for payment of the education rate, Mrs. Clifford had a number of articles prepared, including four silver trowels, received by the doctor at stone-laying functions. Two of these were taken, and will shortly be offered for sale.

LOVE THAT KILLED.

George Planet Aston, a young man living at Tipton, Staffordshire, had been greatly depressed by his former sweetheart's engagement to marry another man.

After the ceremony he watched the newly-married couple pass his house on their return from church, and then went in and hanged himself.

October 6 will probably be polling-day in Thanet. There is every prospect of a keen fight.

NEW HOOLEY CHARGE.

Accused Financier Bronzed and Healthy-looking.

A MYSTERIOUS DINNER.

After a two months' holiday, the benefits of which were apparent on his bronzed face, Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley reappeared in the dock at Bow-street yesterday. And with him reappeared Mr. Henry John Lawson, his partner in the charge of having defrauded Mr. Alfred John Paine, of the Windsor Castle Hotel, Victoria, of £24,000.

Mr. Lawson looked even better for his change than did Mr. Hooley. How much they both must have needed their "Long Vacation" is best gauged by the fact that when the Court reassembled nobody could remember how many times Mr. Hooley and Mr. Lawson had sat together in the dock before. Such had been the number of their remands.

But it was not to allow Mr. Hooley and Mr. Lawson to go to the seaside to try to bring to par their figure-jaded brains that the case had been adjourned so long. It was in order to give the prosecution time to frame fresh charges.

Mr. Muir, the leader of the prosecution, also looked recuperated. What had he been able to evolve on mountain-tops or moors, or wherever he had been taking his leisure?

Counsel's Achievement.

The answer to this question, which Mr. Muir proceeded to give, proved highly creditable to Mr. Muir and the place where he recuperated. He was able to make a statement an hour long, with thousands and thousands of pounds and thousands and thousands of shares in it. It was all about the Electric Construction Company, which had been quoted so often at previous remands in connection with its promoter, Mr. Lawson.

Mr. Muir had, during his holiday, made some highly complicated and interesting financial discoveries about this company, which discoveries his statement was directed to show were not to the credit of Mr. Lawson, and indirectly not to the credit of Mr. Hooley.

As a result of these discoveries he skillfully formulated the fresh charges, in which the formidable formula, "Section eighty-four of the Larceny Act of 1861," from time to time occurred.

And, what was even more indicative of the renewed energy of Mr. Muir, he dropped hints that his energy was not at an end, and that he might find it necessary for technical reasons to go on formulating charges during future remands.

Additional Allegations.

The unadorned gist of the charges that he introduced yesterday was that Mr. Lawson had circulated false reports about the Construction Company, and had also appropriated to his own use 25,000 preference shares of the company. Among the false statements that Mr. Muir said Mr. Lawson had made were:—

- (a) That a certain dinner to friends and admirers of the company was a meeting of shareholders.
- (b) That a 12 per cent. dividend had been declared.
- (c) That the company had £100,000 "free cash" at its back.

At the end of the day's proceedings came another remand.

DUEL IN A LONDON STREET.

Italians Fight in Tottenham Court-road with Dagger and Cavalry Sword.

A strange duel between two Italians was fought in Tottenham Court-road yesterday afternoon.

Out of Tudor-place ran a terrified-looking foreigner flourishing a cavalry sword and followed closely by another man with a dagger.

The fugitive was soon caught, and the man with the dagger made a lunge at him, cutting his cheek, the first man making a very feeble attempt to use his clumsy weapon.

In a few moments the duellists were surrounded by their women friends, and in the excitement of the moment the assailant escaped.

THRIFTESS COUNTY COUNCIL.

Fining the L.B. and S.C. Railway Company for having allowed a locomotive to cause a smoke nuisance, Mr. Sheil, the Westminster magistrate, asked the prosecuting solicitor why the London County Council did not take similar action against the owners of river tugs. The reply was that the Thames Conservancy Board controlled the river.

Mr. Sheil: The Council are not very slow in spending the ratepayers' money, and they might make legal opposition to the rate. Saving money is not their characteristic, at any rate.

After acting as vacation judge during the first half of the "long," Mr. Justice Bigham has left London for Siena, Italy, where he will remain until the courts reopen.

SISTERLY "LOVE."

Mr. Plowden's Amusing Dicta to Fair Applicants.

A series of applications at Marylebone Police Court yesterday provided amusing proof of Mr. Plowden's resourcefulness in dealing with the fair sex.

A woman complained that another woman had threatened to murder her.

Mr. Plowden: What is she to you?

The Applicant: Sister.

Mr. Plowden: Oh, I don't think she will kill you. It is so rare for a woman to kill her own sister.

A next applicant, whose face was badly scratched, said she, too, wanted a summons against a sister for assault.

Mr. Plowden: Ah! that looks far more like the work of a sister. You may take a summons against that sister.

Mr. Plowden: Go and try.

A woman, who had been fined for keeping three dogs without licences, asked the magistrate to grant her time in which to pay, but admitted that she still had the dogs. The magistrate asked why she had not sold them.

"I will let you have one, your worship, if you like," she responded with a smile. "They are very nice dogs."

Mr. Plowden: You must not try to corrupt the fountains of justice.

BURGLARS AT A CATHEDRAL.

Daring Attempt to Steal Sacred Vessels of Pure Gold.

Gross sacrilege has been committed at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in St. George's-road, South London.

The cathedral was broken into in the early hours of Sunday morning. In addition to stealing the contents of five offertory boxes, the thieves made an attempt to secure the contents of the tabernacle. By the use of heavy tools they removed its massive covering of wrought brass, but then found themselves confronted unexpectedly with a strong iron safe, and were compelled eventually to relinquish the attempt to break it open. They were presumably aware that it contained the ciborium and the monstrance, vessels of pure gold and of great value.

Much beautiful metal work and drapery, as well as the marble top of the altar, received severe damage, and the burglars wrecked a beautiful stained-glass window in the Lady Chapel in making their entrance.

GAMBLER SELLS MOTHER'S HOME.

Son's Heartless Expedient To Pay Betting Debts.

After keeping her worthless son for months, the patience of a poor widowed charwoman, named Kennett, was exhausted when her home was sold up to pay the man's betting debts.

The mother sent for the police, who, on their arrival, found George Kennett strongly barricaded in one of the rooms.

When called upon to come out he shouted, "The first man who enters will be a dead one." It was eventually secured after a severe struggle and taken to the station.

Yesterday, at Marylebone, Mr. Plowden allowed the charge of theft to be withdrawn, but for the assault on the police inflicted a fine of 40s.

AMBUSH OF HOOLIGANS.

Mrs. Barbara Hamond was proceeding home near Vauxhall Bridge on Saturday night when she was suddenly struck from behind by a man and dragged down a street.

Her assailant gave a whistle and five men joined him, one of them rifling her purse. At the approach of the police the gang made off.

The police have arrested a man named John Miller, who was remanded at Westminster yesterday.

BLACK EYE FOR PEACEMAKER.

The man Evan Edwards, who while drunk approached a troupe of minstrels at Llangollen, brandishing a pistol, was yesterday sent to prison for three months.

One of the minstrels, who attempted to quieten Edwards as the audience were getting nervous, said he got a black eye for his trouble.

PRISONER'S LONGED-FOR KISS.

Remanded at Lambeth on a charge of attempting to strangle his wife, yesterday Thomas Peirson, a Brixton laundryman, declared from the dock, "I should have liked to have kissed the little ones a bit then I shouldn't have troubled a bit."

Yesterday morning Charles Ferris, aged sixty-three, of Charlton, dropped dead at Erith railway station.

2,000 Fasting Jews Engaged in a Free Fight.

Serious disturbances marked the celebration of the great Jewish fast, the "Yom Kippur," or the "Day of Repentance," in the East End.

For some time the scene in the neighbourhood of Princelet-street, Spitalfields Market, was one almost unprecedented.

The cause of the riot is not exactly known, but it is believed that it was the outcome of a religious dispute.

However, a free fight was soon in progress, and in an incredibly short time a crowd, mostly Jews, numbering from 1,500 to 2,000, was engaged in a battle rally.

Several persons were injured and carried away on ambulances, and it was not until a large force of police had arrived that peace was restored.

The "Yom Kippur" is the most solemn of all holy days. It is the tenth and last of the days of penitence of the Jewish creed.

On it the strict Jew, and many others strict at no other observance, abstain from eating and drinking for twenty-four hours.

Very little sign of the Fast is to be seen in the East End, however, except in the closing of all places of business owned by strict Jews. Some of the very poorest solved the problem of doing without food by stopping in bed all day.

AUCTIONEER ON A WALL.

Intoxicated Man's Remarkable Exploit at a Railway Terminus.

A constable patrolling Sun-street passage, which runs alongside Liverpool-street Station, captured Samuel Craven, an auctioneer, of Charteris-street, New Kent-road, climbing over the wall from the metals late on Saturday night. Craven, who was very drunk, and made—according to the policeman's account—a rambling statement to the effect that he did not wish to face the officials as he had not got the proper tickets, was charged at the Guildhall yesterday.

The attention was informed that the climb must have been an exceedingly dangerous one, for the man must have crossed six sets of rails, made his way up the ladder of a signal post, and reached over to the spiked top wall, which he successfully scaled. The wall was 30ft. from the rails at a very dangerous point.

Craven denied the attempt to defraud, and was fined 10s. for being drunk.

MISSED FROM THE PANTRY.

Married Footman's Flirtation Leads to a Charge of Theft.

Under the impression that he was a single man, Mary Barrett, servant at a lodging-house in Paddington, allowed a young footman named Davis to call upon her.

On one occasion he assisted her in her duties, but next morning some articles of gold and silver of the value of £3 were missing from the pantry.

When Davis called again a detective was waiting for him, and he was arrested. Police inquiries showed that Davis was married only a few months ago, and the missing articles were found at his home.

At Marylebone Police Court yesterday Davis was remanded in custody.

LOST LADY RETURNS HOME.

Mrs. Gertrude Stiff, who was lost in London for two days, has now returned to her home in Wandsworth Bridge-road.

She explains that she was greatly distressed by untrue statements made against her at Bow-street Police Court by a man who had robbed her.

The prisoner having said that she had been going about drinking with him, Mrs. Stiff felt ashamed to meet her husband. She had wandered about the streets too unhappy to go home.

EVIDENCE OF THE INEXPERIENCED.

At an inquest at Westminster a jurymen wanted to know why Dr. Freyberger, the L.C.C. pathologist, had been dragged into the case.

Mr. John Tronbeck said it was because he did not choose to accept the evidence, perhaps, of an extremely inexperienced house surgeon who had just qualified.

IN THE AGE OF MOTOR-CARS.

In fining a Wandsworth porter for drunkenness while having the care of a young child, the Westminster magistrate observed, "It is a wonder the pair of you were not killed in these motor-car days."

There is no sign of yielding on either side in the dispute between the Imperial Tobacco Company and the cigar makers in their employ.

"JOAN OF SUNBURY."

Daughter of a Councillor Uproots a Fence.

LEADS RIGHT-OF-WAY BATTLE

The rival forces waged the Gilbertian battle of Sunbury throughout yesterday with unabated vigour.

Neither side wavered. The martial ardour of the invaders, indeed, was fired anew by the spirited example of Miss Annett, their "Joan of Arc."

Miss Annett's father and his brother district councillor Mr. Stroud are the generals of the attacking force. It was last Thursday that they broke off diplomatic relations with Mr. Clark, and, armed with the decree of their council, launched an invading force of seven lusty British workmen against a plot of riverside ground some fifteen feet by fifty.

Mr. Clark is to be convinced that a right of way exists over this plot of ground, which he claims was leased to him when he took over an adjacent boat-house. For four days he and his army have vigorously resisted the attack, and have replaced the boundary fence as often as it has been rooted up by the enemy.

Not a word has been spoken by the armies of either side. Even when there came a ray of war over a piece of fence grim silence reigned.

Miss Annett Militant.

Yesterday afternoon the fence was once again in position. The young shirt-sleeved lieutenant who erected it winked slowly at the two constables posted near by. They, in their turn, regarded the milit insignificant, three feet of railing with becoming official gravity.

Not so Miss Annett, who is now famous as Sunbury's Joan of Arc. "What," she exclaimed, "have they dared to put it up again? My father is away to-day—but I myself," she added, a desperate resolve flashing in her violet eyes, "will pull it down."

She walked with quick, energetic steps down the street, halless, and her brown hair escaping untried from her hair-net in the excitement of the moment. She approached the battlefield.

"Good afternoon, miss," respectfully remarked a constable. Miss Annett seized the fence firmly.

"Oh, the wretches," she cried, "they've covered it with tar. I don't care. I can get it off with butter." She gave a fierce pull, and the small fence was in her arms. "There," she cried exultantly, and threw it to the ground.

"I Did It."

The smiling lieutenant of General Clark gently raised it and carefully put it in position again. "I don't care," said Miss Annett, "I did it."

The bloodless fight was continued through the evening, and after the last assault the fence was allowed to remain upon the ground—"for the night only."

BOY THIEVES.

Lad's Trip to Yarmouth on the Proceeds of a Theft.

The escapade of a fifteen-year-old boy named Alfred Simmonds was related to the Clerkenwell magistrate yesterday.

Simmonds, who left school quite recently, stole £5 1s. 7d. from his employers at Islington. He was entrusted with cash to get postal orders, but went off instead to Yarmouth with another youth, eventually presenting himself to the police at Norwich and stating that he had lost his railway ticket.

Mr. Bros bound Simmonds over to come up for judgment if called upon.

At West Ham George Wilson, a schoolboy, aged eleven, was ordered six strokes of the birch rod for stealing a shillingworth of coal. He was seen with two other lads carting the coal away from a yard and was caught by a policeman. He told the magistrate that he had intended to sell the coal for twopence.

Mrs. Hill, the wife of a tradesman who was found dead in his bedroom at Brighton apparently from the effects of gas poisoning, died yesterday in hospital.

"For the Blood is the Life."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.
It is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds. Its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1904.

"CIVILISED" WARFARE.

THERE has been a tendency of late years to regard with smug satisfaction the progress of civilised methods in warfare, and to believe that war can be made, if not exactly in kid gloves, at least in a kindly and humanitarian spirit, which the world might applaud as doing credit to both combatants.

The story of the massacre of two Japanese companies at Port Arthur comes as a rude shock to those who cherished such beliefs. It is said that a prolonged war tends to brutalise the nations engaged in it, but the present conflict has lasted only a few months, and, lo! all the refinements of civilisation are swept aside and we are down to the bare bed-rock of brutish passion. These men tried to surrender, and while the white flag made its mute appeal for mercy in vain, while the hail of Russian bullets never checked or waned, the comrades of the doomed men deliberately turned their rifles on their own kin, whose acknowledgment of defeat was held to have tarnished the honour of Japan.

So they fell, dead or dying amid the rotting corpses of a previous fight, and there they lay, the luckless wounded fluttering white appeals for aid that no man heeded, till nearly a week later death put an end to the agony of the last survivor.

Here in England we read of these things, but we cannot understand them, we cannot realise the hell of passion in which these men live and fight and die. Perhaps for our own peace of mind it is as well. Only we are less inclined than of yore to believe that we have succeeded in making warfare a civilised pastime.

BLONDIN OUT-BLONDINED.

One of the hundreds of features at the *Daily Mirror* free gala day at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, to which every reader will be admitted on presentation of a coupon cut from this paper, will be the appearance of Monsieur Orion, a tight-rope walker, who will excel the exploits of the famous Blondin.

Monsieur Orion will give a sensational exhibition in tight-rope walking. It will beat all records in this line. Blondin will be out-Blondined.

The attendance at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next will be phenomenal. In many localities there may be a famine of *Mirrors*, and some readers may find it difficult to obtain a paper and a coupon.

We advise everyone who wants extra *Mirrors* on Saturday next to order them NOW from the nearest newsagent. Many families who take one copy daily will want five or six, or even more. This will cause a run upon the newsagents, and it is well that their customers should give them full notice of their requirements.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Blue skies have changed to grey.
And joy has sorrow wed.
Summer has seen decay
Of roses white and red.

May flowers outlast not May
And when the hour has fled,
Around the roses dead,
The mournful echoes say—
Summer has seen decay.

—George Moore.



JOHN BULL to JAPANESE GENERALS: "I can give you laurels, but you must decide about the distribution yourselves."

[The Russian Press has been saying that the Japanese generals are fighting among themselves. The "Oskolki," St. Petersburg, publishes this cartoon in which John Bull is, as usual, depicted as being at the bottom of the trouble.]

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS. A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Some of the Many Letters from Interested "Mirror" Readers.

Numbers of *Mirror* readers continue to write giving their views, in many cases drawn from their actual experiences, on the question of whether it is justifiable to break off an engagement at the last moment before the wedding.

A selection of the many letters, received at the *Mirror* office yesterday, is below.

If more of us would only be manly enough to break off an engagement at the last moment, instead of going on with the wedding for fear of what the people will say, I am sure an enormous amount of married misery would be saved. I have found this to be so, to my cost. I wished to break off my engagement, but had not the pluck. Forest Gate. M. F.

Mr. George R. Robeson's theory seems to be that a man is to be praised for one great wrong because he is not guilty of a still greater one. Even if there should be a secret understanding between the man and woman the man should stay and face it out. His disappearance shows lack of pluck and manliness. If this is what Mr. Robeson calls a sample of "honesty and bravery," I hope and trust that I shall never be deserving of such qualifications. 51, Candahar-road, S.W. H. C. WHITE.

Lucky Bachelor Girls.

The girl whose bridegroom has left her on the eve of their wedding is to be most heartily congratulated in my opinion. A single woman now can usually earn a fair income, and has health and strength (not to mention freedom from worry) to enjoy it. I am married and know.

I wish the man who said in Friday's *Mirror* that woman's "mission" was to be a wife and mother had to undertake those charming responsibilities himself! I consider marriage an act of sin.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol.

Not one-half, nor, not one-tenth part—of couples when they become betrothed realise the importance of the step until it is fairly borne in upon them at the last moment.

Then, with the full realisation, comes a sudden revulsion of feeling.

If only young people would fully realise the great solemnity of a betrothal a good deal of unhappiness and scandal would be avoided.

A COUNTRY GIRL WHO THINKS.
King-street, Hammersmith.

Lord Burton, the King's Host.

NO one can possibly be at all surprised to hear that Lord Burton owes his title and his money to beer, or that his family name is Bass. That does not prevent him being a very good fellow.

He is hardly a young man nowadays, for he is a good deal nearer seventy than sixty, but he is a wonderfully hale personage, and a first-class business man. A title to him is no reason for stopping work, and he knows something about titles, for he has three of them.

He looks a hard worker. He has not been a peer long enough yet to have learned to be aristocratically indifferent. His well-rounded head is covered still with white hair, which is continued down the sides of his face into short mutton chop whiskers. The nose curves downwards over a long, straight upper lip. The mouth is closely set, the lips thin. The chin has rather a tendency to run away into the neck; but then he is not so slim now as he was.

Active sport has never claimed him, and the racecourse knows him not. Men who earn titles have not time enough for that sort of thing.

Still he is a sportsman at heart. As might be expected of a level-headed business man, he plays a splendid game at bridge. It seems to run in his family, for his sister-in-law is generally spoken of as the finest bridge player in England, and is always chosen to play with the King.

Pictures are Lord Burton's great hobby, and his London home, Chesterfield House, and his mansion, Rangenore Hall, at Burton-on-Trent, are full of the best that money can buy.

But if you want to hear the most loving description of him, you must hear it from his employees in the great brewery where the famous beer is made. He is not the man of the moment to them. He is the man of all the time.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Mrs. Farmer: Come right into the yard, my man. Weary Wrangles? Won't yer dog bite?

Mrs. Farmer: That's what I want to find out. We've only got him on trial.—"Judge," New York.

"His wife is an ardent temperance worker, isn't she?"

"Yes; she won't travel in the west because she heard that the climate is stimulating."—Cleveland Leader.

Bill: Didn't I see an automobile stopping in front of your house last Friday?

Jill: Yes; it was waiting for me to come out of the house, so it could run over me.—"Yonkers Statesman."

AFTER presenting London with one of its most popular lions in the person of the Alake, Sir William McGregor is now on his way to Newfoundland to take up his new post as Governor. He started life as an infirmity doctor in his native Scotland, but entered his name at Downing-street for a Government Colonial appointment. His chance came at last, and he was sent to the Seychelles. From there he gradually worked his way to be Governor of Lagos, and now to be Governor of Newfoundland. Until this last appointment his whole time had been spent in lands of malaria and mosquito, and Newfoundland will be like a haven of rest. Not that there is a person to do much resting. Holidays in the ordinary meaning of the term are not things that he indulges in. Whenever he has a relief from official duties, he goes exploring in the backlands of his country.

Mr. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., who has had a nasty fall from his horse while staying at his country place, Raith House, in Fifeshire, is still a comparatively young man, forty-four years old. He began his life very early, for he succeeded to the family estates while still quite a boy. At the age of fifteen he joined the Fife Light Horse, and though the War Office objected to him on the score of age, his commanding officer wrote so strongly, representing that he was "a young man greatly beyond his years in capacity and bodily strength," that he was allowed to remain. Later he went to Sandhurst, and then joined the Grenadier Guards, but resigned to sit for Ross and Cromarty in Parliament. He subsequently became private secretary to Lord Rosebery, whom he accompanied to India. It was while on this trip that he met his wife, a daughter of the then Viceroy, Lord Dufferin.

AN AMERICAN VETERAN.

Seventy-five is not too early in life to retire from the stage. At any rate, that is the conclusion that Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the famous American actor, has come to. Though of English extraction, he was born in Philadelphia, and almost all his career has been in America. As Rip Van Winkle he earned fame in all countries where English is spoken, but in the States he is known as an actor of all-round ability. Painting, especially landscape work, is, and always has been, his great relaxation. He also managed to gather together a fine collection of pictures, though, unluckily, they were destroyed by fire some years ago. To this day his work is law on every detail of acting among American theatrical folk.

If ever a man had the right to call himself a thorough cosmopolitan it is Mr. William Le Queux, who has just been granted permission by the King to wear the Italian Order of the Crown of Italy. His father was French and his mother English; he was educated partly in Italy and partly in England; his wife is a beautiful Italian; he speaks six languages fluently, and there is hardly a square mile of Europe over which he has not travelled, added to which he has travelled in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners of other continents. His Nihilist stories are all founded on his experiences as correspondent of the "Times."

At one time Mr. Le Queux was a sub-editor on the "Globe," and he often tells how he was nearly responsible for publishing a statement of the death of Queen Victoria. One day, on returning from luncheon, he found the following words on the tape of the type machine: "Her Majesty died at Windsor to-day at 11 a.m." In about ten seconds the copy was in a state of confusion. Everything was put in hand to make a special edition. In a few minutes more the news would have been launched as a thunderbolt upon the world, when someone examined the waste-paper basket where pieces of waste tape were allowed to fall. A fragment of paper tape bearing four momentous words was found. They were: "John Frying, coachman." Someone had torn off the first four words of the message. They were found only just in time.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Only a Reflected Sunset.

The sky line has no sweeping and graceful curve of rolling hill, no clear-cut line of distant sea horizon. It is only a broken, jagged line of London roofs at chimneys, standing black against the coppery red sky.

High overhead the sky is clear of cloud, but lower thin lines of wind-blown mist are drifting before the face of the setting sun, turning his blazing splendour into the dull, hot glow of molten metals. It is the heavy wreck of London's breath, the day's smoke from her myriad chimneys drifting slowly away at the approach of evening.

Suddenly, away to the south, a new point of light shines out through the heavy air. At first it seems to twinkle faintly like a newly-born red star, then gradually it gains power, as the sun sinks lower to the black and broken line.

Still it grows. It is no longer a mere point, but a mass of little twinkling lights, all closely held together; each one casting back a miniature reflection of the sun himself.

Still it grows. Soon it is the flare of a great fire near at hand, red with the redness of leaping flame.

But its strength is dying now. Slowly it becomes smaller. The numberless little flames go out. Suddenly it has gone as it came, and the sun goes down without a rival. It was no new thing. It was only the last rays of the setting sun thrown back for a brief moment from the great glass roofs of the Crystal Palace.



"DAILY MIRROR"



GALA DAY at the



CRYSTAL PALACE,



HAMPSTEAD HEATH EXTENSION.



These are views on Wyde's Farm, at the north-west—



—corner of Hampstead Heath.—



—Eighty acres have been added to the Heath through the efforts of the Hampstead Heath Extension Council.

LIFEBOAT PARADE AT MANCHESTER.



The picturesque procession in aid of a deserving cause. A lifeboat, full of pretty girls, drawn through the streets.

"THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD," LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY.



Mr. Oscar Ashe, who appeared at the Adelphi last night with—



—Miss Lily Brayton as his leading lady.— (Photos, Foulsham and Banfield.)

A PRETTY PYJAMA GIRL.



Miss Gabrielle Ray, as she appears in "The Orchid," at the Gaiety Theatre, in a song which is one of the hits of the piece.

FAT GIRL NUMBER 2.



Miss Jacobs, of Westbourne Grove, is 7 years old, weighs 6st. 4lb., and is 4ft. 3in. high. She claims to be the fattest girl in Bayswater.

SHEFFIELD UNITED v. SMALL HEATH.



The Small Heaths in the football game at Sheffield snapped while hotly pressed and defending their goal.

LORD HASTINGS DEAD.



He was a Steward of the Jockey Club. Won the Derby with Melton.



**Saturday Next,
September 24.**



**STUPENDOUS
PROGRAMME.**



**See
Page 3.**



PRETTY ENTRIES FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR'S" PRIZE BABY COMPETITION.



GEORGE VOXALL.



OLGA E. SAMUEL.



M. COHEN.



GWYNETH POLLETT.



ESME RODEN.

MISSISSIPPI BRIDGE WRECKED BY A TORNADO.



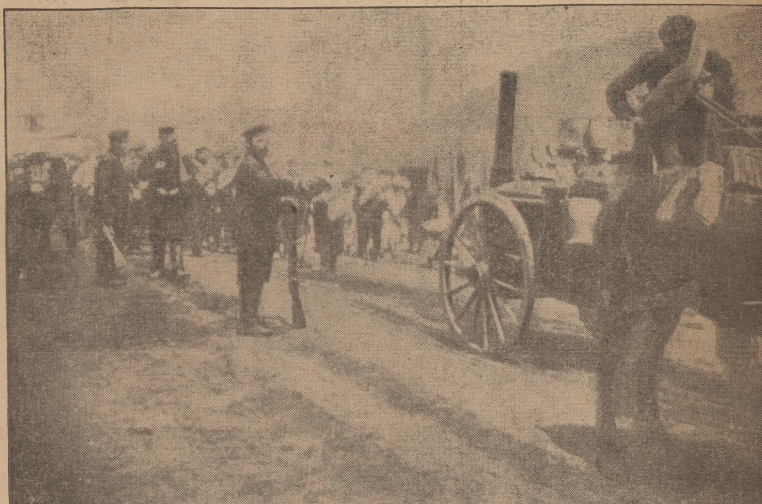
That is left of High Bridge, near St. Paul, U.S.A., where twelve persons were killed and 160 injured by a storm. The velocity of the wind was 180 miles an hour. This railway bridge was 200 feet high.

BALMORAL CASTLE WITH THE KING'S PIPER.



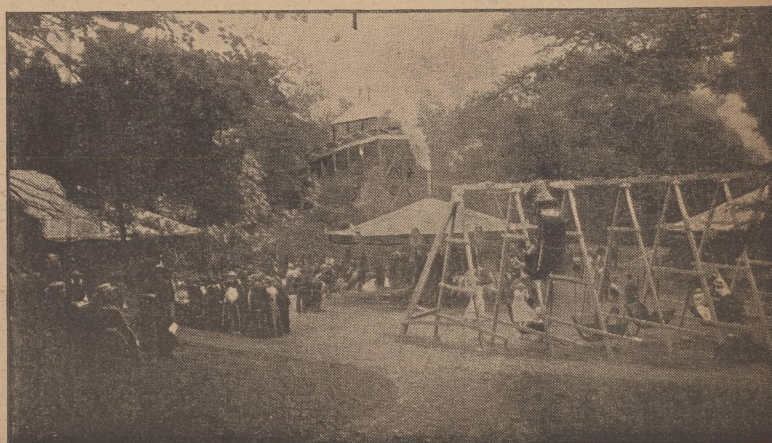
the picturesque spot where the royal musician plays a reveille at eight o'clock every morning.

TRAVELLING COOK-SHOP FOR RUSSIAN TROOPS.



Another war photograph, taken by "Collier's Weekly" photographer, showing the facilities for feeding the Tsar's "Tommies" outside Mukden.

FREE GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE NEXT SATURDAY.



Some of the swings and roundabouts. Each "Mirror" reader who presents a coupon will pass the Palace turnstiles free.

AN EXPERT'S RECIPES FOR THE COOKING OF GAME.

OLD-WORLD BEAUTIES.

SOME OF THE RECIPES THEY USED.

The beauties of the old days used powder—a very soft rice powder. They applied it to the face, especially to the nose and chin and forehead, while the cheeks were left to their natural pinkness. A lotion for pink cheeks was composed of orange-flower water, into which was shaken just enough tincture of benzoin to make it milky, and a little colouring matter.

Mint Cream for White Hands.

They also had a cream of strawberries which tinted the cheeks beautifully. Into some almond oil there was stirred a little strawberry juice and the whole was then heated. To this was added a lump of sheep's fat, and when cold the whole was poured into a big-mouthed jar, and the water, if there was any, was drained off. This was kept for use upon the face after a ride in the hot sun.

The mint cream of those days was a wonderful thing for the healing of the hands in winter and summer. It had for a basis an ounce of sheep's fat or mutton tallow, and into this was dropped a sprig of mint. The whole was heated, and while it was still hot a little sweet oil was added to it—about a tablespoonful of oil to an ounce of the

tallow. This was poured hot into a glazed jar and kept from year to year for the anointing of sun-burned hands and arms.

Eggshells Full of Unguent.

The familiar camphor ice, used in those days as now, was made of two ounces of mutton tallow, which was placed in a double boiler, and which when warmed had added to it half an ounce of the best oil. Into this was stirred about half a teaspoonful of camphor in lumps as big as peas, and these lumps were ultimately taken away and the residue was poured out to cool, when it was ready for use.

Eggshells filled with this ice had ribbons tied round them, and were swung from the sides of the dressing-table with loops and ends. One very dainty fancy was to scent the shells. They were

THE PARTRIDGE SEASON.

RECIPES FOR GAME DISHES.

Soufflés of all kinds are always very popular, and partridge soufflé is particularly good:—

INGREDIENTS.—Two cold cooked partridges, two ounces of Carolina rice, one ounce of butter, a good seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, four eggs, quarter of a pint of melted glaze.

Put a good-sized pan of water on the fire. Allow a teaspoonful of salt to each pint of water, and when it boils fast throw in the rice, after having well washed it. Let it boil steadily till it is tender, then drain it well. While it is cooking scrape all the meat from the bones of the birds. Next put

chilling-piece. With a smaller cutter mark a round in the centre, taking care not to stamp it very deeply.

Lay these rounds of pastry on a baking-tin in a very hot oven, and bake them a delicate brown. They will take about fifteen minutes. When they are cooked, carefully remove the centre rounds and put them on one side to be used later as tops for the patties. Hollow any soft pastry out from the cases. Next prepare the mixture to put in them. Cut the grouse, ham, truffle, and mushrooms into very small dice. Mix them together and add enough sauce to make the mixture moist, season it well, and fill in the cases with it, heaping the mixture up slightly. Put the little lids on the top, and serve the patties either hot or cold.

SPATCHCOCK OF PARTRIDGE.

INGREDIENTS.—One or more partridges, salt and pepper, a dust of flour, about an ounce of fresh butter, a little chopped parsley.

See that the bird has been carefully singed and drawn; cut off the feet at the first joint, then with a strong knife cut right through the breastbone so that you can flatten out the body of the bird. Wipe the inside of the bird with a damp cloth, then dust it with salt and pepper. Melt the butter very carefully and brush some of it all over the bird, then sprinkle over the chopped parsley and a dust of flour. Skewer the bird into a flat shape and place it on a well-buttered gridiron; cook it before a quick fire from fifteen to twenty minutes, keeping it well basted and turned once or twice. When the bird is cooked remove the skewer. Serve it on a hot dish with some good Tartare sauce.

POTTED GAME.

INGREDIENTS.—The remains of any cold game, half its weight of fat ham or bacon, powdered clove and mace, salt and cayenne, a dust of castor sugar, two ounces of butter to each pound of game and ham.

Remove all skin and bone from the game, then weigh the meat and allow some fat ham in the above proportion.

Chop the game and ham, then pound them together in a mortar. Season the mixture carefully with powdered clove, mace, salt, and cayenne, and add also the dust of sugar.

Melt the butter gently, and stir it into the mixture, then rub it all through a wire sieve. Press the mixture into clean, dry jars, leaving the tops level and smooth, then pour some clarified butter over the top of each, which should be nearly an inch deep.

FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

On Saturday next mothers and children can have a unique day's pleasure at the Crystal Palace, for all readers of the *Daily Mirror* will get free admission. Read page 3 carefully, for there will be the most wonderful amusements. It is the chance of a lifetime. Probably never again will the children be able to see so many of the world's wonders in one place. All details on page 3.

PURE FOOD ALONE

Wrought a Wonderful Change.

Pure food scientifically made possesses a power to rebuild the body and often enables one to overcome illness which apparently has no connection with our daily food.

Yet it is necessary that the food should nourish and rebuild the wasting tissues and enable us to ward off or overcome our ailments.

Thousands of cases of recovery from serious and almost unexplainable illness have been brought about by Grape-Nuts. The reason is so simple. Grape-Nuts possess those elements (phosphate of potash and albumen) which combine to make the delicate tissues of the brain and nerves, the bones, teeth, etc.

Besides, it is so prepared that the starch is changed into sugar, and even stomachs rendered very sensitive by disease, digest it without difficulty.

The excellent results of the use of Grape-Nuts are related below by a woman living in Newton Abbot. She says:—

"Last January I caught a severe attack of influenza, which brought me down as low and as weak as ever I could be. The after effects were dreadful, for weeks I could not walk across the room for fear of falling, as it settled in my head and also in my limbs."

"My husband kept on bothering me to have some Grape-Nuts, and he sent down into the town and bought a packet. I began to use it and in a few weeks I began to walk better (I forgot to say that I was so thin I had scarcely any flesh on my bones), and I began to put on flesh and had gained several pounds, and I can now do a little housework without feeling tired. Of course my head is not quite well yet. It will take some time as I was so very ill and weak, but I owe my feeling so well to Grape-Nuts, which I have twice a day, and I shall always use it. I must say that I had nothing else (no beef tea or anything) as I did not care for it. Everyone I know is surprised to see how I have improved."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 68, Shoe-lane, E.C.

It takes a little time for even Grape-Nuts to rebuild the cells right; when that work is done, complete health shows again.

ANOTHER INVASION.

Essex has had its turn, and now Kent is to have the next, but it will not be soldiers or warships; no, it will be by individuals of a much more peaceable character. Minister-on-Sea, near Sheerness, is to be the landing-place. The invaders will be investors and builders anxious to secure some of the freehold land which is being sold there. Among counting watering-places, Minister-on-Sea seems predestined to become as popular as any health resort within a couple of hours of the metropolis. For years Minister-on-Sea, although occupying a position of much importance from a naval and military standpoint was little known and inaccessible, while its possibilities as a "sea garden for London" never seemed to have dawned upon any of the inhabitants, and it was left to the Land Company to make known the unique position and natural advantages of this ancient village in the Isle of Sheppey. It is only fifty-two miles from London, and it possesses splendid cliffs, rising to a height of 250ft. above sea level, from the top of which extensive views over the North and German Ocean are obtained. Below the cliffs is an ideal shore of pebbles and patches of firm, yellow sand with the ocean-going and smaller vessels passing within speaking distance, constituting it a veritable child's paradise. Island, picturesque hills and dunes abound on every side, delightful walks through lovely leafy lanes allure the visitor in all directions, until you wonder why such a charming place with so many natural advantages as to render it the ideal spot for the jaded City man should have remained practically unknown for so long. It is only fifty-two miles from London, and a ten-minute's run from Queenborough by the recently-opened new railway, and one can go every day from Holborn Viaduct to Queenborough by the Continental boat train in sixty-nine minutes. The new waterworks are now in full working order, and the pure water supply is giving a great impetus to building operations. During this past summer a large number of visitors have been staying in the locality, but there is at present a want of house accommodation. The new houses that have been built are eagerly snapped up by people from the thickly-populated town of Sheerness, which is quite close; in fact, electric trams run from there almost into Minister, and will doubtless be extended as the locality develops. There is every opportunity for the general public to participate in the developments and consequent profit-sharing of Minister-on-Sea. Freehold plots in the very best positions of this new resort are on sale at merely nominal prices, and easy payments will be accepted. There is to be a great season-closing sale extending over four days, when about five hundred plots will be offered by auction; beyond this there will be no more sales this year. Bargain hunters please note. The sale days are Monday, 10; Wednesday, 12; Thursday, 13; and Saturday, 14, of October, and you can have a free railway ticket for either one of these occasions on application. On the Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday the number of tickets is limited to fifty, so that if you wish to attend on those days you must write at once. The train leaves Holborn, 9.20 on the aforesaid days, calling at Herne Hill only. On Thursday, the 13th, there is a special train, which will take down about three hundred people. Full particulars, plans, and rail tickets of the Land Company, 68, Cheapside, E.C. (Mention this paper).



The tea coat of the smart woman is quite an economical possession, as well as a beautiful one, for it can be made the means of utilising a bargain of pretty brocade lace or gauze and of wearing out an evening skirt that has seen better days. Illustrated above is a coffee coloured lace coat, mounted upon tangerine orange taffetas and trimmed with narrow ruffles of the same. The belt is one of tangerine taffetas, finished with a rosette jewelled in the centre to match the jet and amber passementerie and fringe that outline the décolletage.

emptied through the large end, had the interior smudged out, and a drop of attar of roses was then placed in the shell. On the top of this the cream was poured, and the scent was remarkably sweet. Benoinated cold cream is an item that was once on every dressing-table. It was made by taking cold cream and melting it in a double boiler and adding to it a little benzoin, in the proportion of six drops to an ounce of the cream. Into it also there was stirred a little powdered borax. The result was a cream that was very excellent for the skin after bathing it.

The scented bath is almost necessary for beauty. One way of making it is to take a tub of water and to pour into it a pint of the best bath vinegar and to this add a little milk of cucumbers.

The girl of long ago used to find that hot foot heels cleared the complexion. She held her feet in hot water to which there was added a little violet ammonia—which she made for herself by adding a few drops of ammonia to a quantity of violet perfume.

the meat in a mortar with the boiled rice and pound well, and if you do not possess a pestle and mortar substitute an enamel basin and the end of a rolling-pin. As you pound the mixture add to it the butter and melted glaze. When the mixture is well pounded rub it through a wire sieve; then stir into it the yolks of the four eggs and the stiffly whisked whites of two of them.

Bake in a well-buttered mould for one and a half hours, and serve the moment it is finished. Turn out on to a hot dish and pour round it any good sauce made from the bones and giblets of the birds.

GROUSE PATTIES.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of puff pastry, half a pound of cooked ham, half a pound of cooked grouse, twelve small mushrooms, one truffle, quarter of a pint of brown sauce, salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste.

Roll the pastry out till it is half an inch thick, and stamp it out in rounds the size of a five-

force
A nourishing and palatable meal without striking a match.

PLAY TO PLEASE THE EYE.

"The Prayer of the Sword" at the Adelphi.

The production last night at the Adelphi Theatre of "The Prayer of the Sword" showed that the new management has taken up the control of this well-known house is not disposed to spare expenses in the matter of putting their plays upon the stage.

As far as the arts of the musician and the stage painter are concerned, last night's play quite holds its level with the best. Nor is there anything but praise to be bestowed upon the acting.

But our main quarrel with "The Prayer of the Sword" is that the actors employed upon it were given the chances of impressing the eye only.

Nothing, for instance, could be more beautiful than the picture presented by Miss Lily Brynton, with her falling red hair, in the love scene betwixt Ilaria and Andrea in the third act; nothing, again, much more appealing than the climax of the fourth act, in which Andrea is cursed, with bell, book, and candle, from the altar at which he hopes to wed Ilaria.

Story of the Play.

But the irony of the thing is that we do not, and cannot, feel a penny the worse for the great scene of excommunication, nor a halfpenny the more tender for the visually-beautiful love scene.

The prayer of the sword is prayed by young Fra Andrea, a monk. Later on he takes up arms to oppose the machinations of the burly Braccio Scoria, a villain devoted to the heroine Ilaria, who has already cast eyes of uninvited favour upon Andrea, whom she first meets digging his own grave.

The story that is wrapped round these three progresses to a fifth act, in which, during a fight betwixt Andrea and Scoria, the latter stabs the

interposing Ilaria with a poisoned dagger, and is himself killed.

It then leaps fifty years to arrive at a tableau in which Andrea is seen to be meditatively sitting beside the grave that we originally saw him excavating, which now contains the body of Ilaria.

Miss Lily Brynton and Messrs. Oscar Asche, Loyal Scrette, Walter Hampden and others did their best for the play in the matter of acting.

MYSTERY OF A RAPHAEL.

Mr. Crome Urges the Genuineness of "La Petite Vierge."

Mr. Crome, of Crosby-square, is indignant at the doubts that have been expressed as to the genuineness of the painting "La Petite Vierge," which he ascribes to Raphael.

To a *Mirror* representative he said:—

"So-called experts have not even taken the trouble to examine the picture and the convincing history of its ownership since it was painted for the Marchioness of Mantua in 1520. Mr. Crome claims that this is the beautiful painting which passed out of the Mantuan collection in 1628, and became the property of King Charles I. of England.

It was sold to Spain in 1651, and back to England in 1811. The picture bears traces of hurried execution, yet it is singularly exquisite.

The pose and expression of the young Christ and the beautiful serenity of the Virgin Mother are evidently the work of a master.

TOO YOUNG FOR THE WORKHOUSE.

Objecting to enter the workhouse, a hale old man of eighty-three told Mr. Marsham of Bristol yesterday that he walked every day from the County Council lodging to the Savoy, which proved he was able to take care of himself. Mr. Marsham agreed, and thought the man should be granted out-relief.

FIGHT WITH A MAD CAT.

Drops from a Tree and Lacerates a Woman.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—Madame Emilie Raonen, a dressmaker, was walking along the Faubourg Saint-Martin when a big Angora cat suddenly sprang down upon her from a tree.

The animal seized the unfortunate woman's neck in its claws and bit her face savagely. Blinded with blood she vainly tried to shake off the cat.

A crowd gathered round, but no one dare help Madame Raonen. The police were sent for, and some people left to summon a fire brigade, the last resort of Parisians in distress. The screaming of the victim added to the horror of the scene.

Suddenly a little thirteen-year-old boy, Paul Pochard by name, rushed to her rescue. He succeeded in making the cat let go, but the infuriated animal immediately attacked him. Springing at his head it scratched him severely, and then, hanging on to his body, bit and tore his hands and arms.

At last a cabdriver managed to tear it clear from the brave boy, and broke its back with a blow from his whip stock.

It was found that the cat was affected with hydrophobia.

LOYALTY'S REWARD.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Monday.—From a Flügelmann—the very tall soldier, who takes the outside place in the ranks—of the First Life Guards the Crown Prince received a letter of congratulation upon his engagement. The Prince sent a polite, but very formal, acknowledgment.

But to the delight of the Flügelmann and his comrades, the following gracious telegram arrived at the same time:—"The Kaiserin and I thank you heartily for your well wishes over the betrothal of the Crown Prince, and highly appreciate your loyal thoughts.—WILLIAM I.R."

ALL WRONG AT LLOYD'S.

Underwriters Badly Hit by Fire, War, and Water.

Mishaps by fire, water, and Russian pirate cruisers have this year brought distress to the underwriters at Lloyd's.

The fearful fires at Baltimore and Rochester, in the United States, and at Toronto, hit members of Lloyd's hard. The settlements in these cases amount to upwards of £250,000.

Then, it has been an exceptionally heavy year for smaller outbreaks, and it is believed that for the first time on record the year's work will show positive loss in the case of many.

To these losses must be added the severe strain of an exceptional number of marine disasters, which within the last two months have run up a total of nearly a million pounds insurance.

To recent casualties must be added the loss of the *Albura*, at the very spot where the *Tymeric* went ashore. The *Tymeric* has unexpectedly been saved. The *Albura* is insured for £37,000.

The *Shavmut*, insured for £144,000, chiefly at Lloyd's, has also been lost.

A curious point is raised in the case of the *ss. Tangier*. The question of a minute of Greenwich time will decide whether the amount to be paid is £23,000 or £21,000.

The *Tangier* went ashore at about the moment the 1903 policy for £23,000 was expiring and the new year's policy came into force.

RELICS OF A LOST ART.

A quaint gathering took place at Newbury yesterday, when the descendants of the ancient Company of Weavers, who flourished in that part of Berkshire in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, assembled at the Guildhall in that town, where the staff and other relics were forthcoming.

The weavers attended the parish church, where a special sermon was preached by the rector.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVI. (continued.)

"Kill your husband?" exclaimed Stanyon in horror. Then he laughed. The fact of his having been chosen as a sort of public executioner appealed to his sense of humour. But the laughter died on his lips as he looked at Mrs. Wilkinson's face. Her eyes blazed with fury, and as she drew her body up to its full height, she quivered like a snake that is preparing to strike.

"No, not my husband," she said in a voice so low that it scarcely reached Stanyon's ears, but yet so terrible that he shuddered as he heard it. "I did not say my husband. I said Arthur Wilkinson."

"I'm afraid I do not understand you," said Stanyon. "I always thought that you were married to Arthur Wilkinson."

"I thought so myself," she replied quietly, "until three days ago. Then I learnt that his wife is still alive, and that I—her face was suddenly convulsed with fury, and she lost all control of herself.

"You can see what I am," she shrieked. "But, by heaven, he shall pay for this—pay with his life. You shall kill him, you, I say, or else you shall lie here till the flesh rots off your bones."

"He will release me," Stanyon answered, "if I consent to do what he requires of me. I am prepared to consent."

"Then I will kill him myself," she cried, "and drag his body in here and leave the two of you together."

"You are getting hysterical," said Stanyon; "you must be calm."

"Calm?" she cried, pacing up and down the cellar. "Were you calm just now when I found you, and gave you food and drink? I, too, am in torture. I, too, hunger and thirst. I shall go mad unless someone ease me of my pain. You must kill him, do you understand?"

"I did not know," replied Stanyon slowly, "that you loved him."

"Love?" she exclaimed, with a fine gesture of scorn. "Bah, if I love him, I could forgive him anything. He could have twenty wives so long as he deserted them for me. It is because I have been shamed by a man I do not love that the man must die."

Stanyon was silent. The moral aspect of the case did not concern him. But here was a way of escape to be bought at a far smaller price than the one he would have to pay to Arthur Wilkinson. This would be no cold-blooded murder, but a blow struck in a fight for freedom. He had but to wait till Wilkinson entered, and then try to escape. It would be a fair fight, and he might even get the worst of it. Still that would be better than dying like a rat in a trap. And if he killed Wilkinson, no jury could convict him of murder. It was, without doubt, a far cleaner and safer job than the murder of the great John Gramphorn.

"Well?" said Mrs. Wilkinson, sharply, "you must decide. He may be here at any moment."

"I will do what you wish," Stanyon replied. "It is no more than he deserves. If you will wait these ropes, and give me a weapon, I will wait here till he returns."

"Swear to me that you will kill him—by all you hold most sacred—by your hope of salvation hereafter."

"I swear it," he said in a low voice; "but the oath is quite superfluous. I shall have to kill him in order to escape."

Mrs. Wilkinson thrust her hand into the little bag, and drew out Stanyon's own knife. She then proceeded to cut the ropes which bound his wrists and ankles, leaving them still in their place.

"He will still think that you are bound," she said, "and you will have him at a disadvantage. When—" She stopped suddenly and listened. There was the sound of footsteps on the stairs outside.

"My God!" she cried. "I am too late to get close to Stanyon's hands and then, rising quickly to her feet, hid the basket, the glass and the empty bottle. Then she picked up the lantern, and stood back against the opposite wall. There was a crash, and the door rattled on its hinges. Then it burst open with such violence that the handle clanged against the wall, and Arthur Wilkinson lurched into the room.

The man was obviously the worse for drink. His face was flushed and his bloodshot eyes glared fiercely at the woman who stood against the wall. He reeled unsteadily into the centre of the room.

"You, eh?" he said thickly. "What are you doing here, eh?" Then he glanced at Stanyon's prostrate figure and burst into a horrible laugh.

"Been looking after your dear friend, have you?" he continued. "Little flirtation on the sly, eh? He's a pretty sight, ain't he?" Then he lurched forward, and looked suspiciously at the ropes on his prisoner's wrists. Stanyon moaned.

"Don't talk nonsense, Arthur," said Mrs. Wilkinson. "I came here to find you. But if you keep Stanyon here much longer he won't be any use to you. He's half-dead now."

"Don't want him now," said Wilkinson, with a grin. "I've been down to Essex and got another man on the job, a desperate old blackguard he is too, one of the poor beggars that Gramphorn has ruined. He's down there to kill him, and means to do it, too. I've no use for Stanyon now, my dear."

"Then what do you intend to do with him?" said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Just leave him here, sweetheart. No one will ever look for him. I don't think anyone cares whether he is alive or dead. I'm afraid our dear Juliette is unlucky in her lovers. Before a week is over she'll have lost two of them." Mrs. Wilkinson laughed.

"You have a keen sense of humour, Arthur," she said, moving a few steps across the floor, so that the shadow of her body threw Stanyon's corner into darkness.

"What did you come here for?" inquired Wilkinson sharply. "I thought I told you not to come. Have you got any money?"

"Plenty, dear."

"Then fork out some at once."

"It's all in the bank, Arthur," she replied sweetly. "I'm saving it for our trip to America."

"Then you'd better go back and get some," he said roughly. "You didn't send me any last week. D'ye hear?" And lunging forward he caught her by the arm in his powerful fingers. She winced with pain and her eyes blazed with fury.

"Leave go of me, you brute," she cried, "and I'll tell you what I came for." He loosened her, and glanced at her savagely.

"I have come to tell you," she said slowly, "that I have found out the truth; that I know that I am not your wife." Wilkinson laughed. He was too drunk to realise what the discovery meant to the woman who stood before him.

"Is that all?" he said with a leer. "Well, I could have told you that. But, wife or no wife, you're a deuced fine woman, and I'm proud of you. Come and give me a kiss, dearest. No one need know anything about the unfortunate mistake."

For answer she struck him across the face with all the force she could bring to bear.

"You blackguard," she cried. "I have come here to avenge my wrongs—to kill you. You yourself have placed the weapon in my hands. Look behind you!"

She had seen Stanyon rise from his bed of straw and had caught the glint of the knife in his hand. But she knew that Stanyon would not strike a defenceless man in the back.

Wilkinson turned on his heel with an oath, and the two men faced each other. Mrs. Wilkinson picked up the lantern and stood back against the wall. Then Stanyon tried to move forward, but found to his horror that he could scarcely control his limbs. His fetters had wrung all the strength out of them. The blood had not had time to circulate through the numb flesh, and the muscles were still stiff and cramped. He realised that he had risen too soon, and that he was almost as helpless as a child.

Wilkinson was unarmed, but he was quick to notice the trembling of Stanyon's limbs. With a suddenness of rage he flung himself upon his adversary and bore him to the ground. Stanyon lunged at him with the knife, but the blow merely grazed his

arm. The next moment Wilkinson had twisted the knife from his fingers and flung it into a far corner. He could finish the work with his own strong hands. In the fury of the combat he had forgotten the woman by the wall.

With brutal strength, he lifted up Stanyon's head and dashed it against the ground. Then some instinct must have warned him of his danger, for, looking round, he saw Mrs. Wilkinson, knife in hand, advancing towards him. He dropped Stanyon and sprang to his feet.

"Cursed murderer," he cried, and without another word he hurled himself upon her, and sent her spinning against the wall. She sank in a heap to the ground, but she still clutched the knife, and as the man sprang at her again she rose to her knees and drove it with her full strength.

Of a truth some devil must have watched over Arthur Wilkinson that night. The blow struck him with such force that he gave a sharp cry of pain. He staggered back, and Mrs. Wilkinson loosed the handle of the knife. For a second he did not know whether he had been wounded or not. Then he wrenched the knife out must. Seeing its bloodless point, he laughed, and, feeling in his pocket, drew out his watch. The blade had so nearly gone through it that there was a small dent on the farther side.

He replaced the watch in his pocket, and looked at the woman with a grim smile. She had risen to her feet and was covering against the wall. Then he advanced towards her, and she shrieked for mercy.

Stanyon, half-dazed, and weak as an infant, tried to move to her assistance, but his will power seemed to have gone, and he sank back on his bed of straw with a feeble groan. And all that followed he saw as in a dream, where a man sees the swift course of events and yet is powerless to interfere.

He saw Wilkinson spring at his wife's throat and beat her to the ground. He saw a writhing of limbs, and heard a low, horrible, gasping for breath. Then something cracked and there was silence. Wilkinson knelt motionless as a statue, and his hands still gripped his victim. They both might have been carved out of marble.

Then suddenly Wilkinson rose to his feet and stepped back with a cry of horror. There was a crash of glass, and a sheet of flame streamed towards the head of straw, and the next second it was ablaze, and a thin tongue of fire touched Stanyon's foot.

Then God, in His mercy, took the spell from his brain. He struggled to rise, fell down, tried once more, and succeeded in reaching the wall. The centre of the room was a furnace. Wilkinson had vanished, but Stanyon saw the woman's dead body lying in a pool of fire. He gasped for breath as the smoke filled his lungs. Between him and the door lay an impassable barrier of flame. He dashed blindly along the wall, groping for the door. Then at last he found it, and staggering up the stairs reached the room above.

He was scorched with flame and choked with the smoke which poured up the stairway. But he realised that he had to escape before the police came on the scene. He made his way out into the open air, and leaning against the wall drew a long breath of the cool night breeze. Then he crept silently away into the darkness.

And as he made his way eastwards it seemed as though the fire burned in his brain of evil, for the idea that was uppermost in his mind was that he must save John Gramphorn's life.

(To be continued.)

Before Starting for the PALACE

NEXT SATURDAY. Sept. 24.

All the readers of the "Daily Mirror" are sure to have absorbed every line of

Our Thrilling New Serial

REMEMBER SATURDAY NEXT, Sept. 24.

THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

The Speech That Helped to Save Madeleine Smith.

"NOT PROVEN."

Madeline Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 30, 1857, for the murder of her lover.

Without question the lover, Emile L'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passionate series of love letters from Madeleine to L'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established; and a request came from many of our readers that we should relate the circumstances of the older tragedy.

The motives urged against Madeline Smith at her trial were (1) that she had tired of her secret intrigue with L'Angelier, a penniless clerk, whom she knew her wealthy parents would never let her marry; (2) her family was forcing her into an engagement with a neighbour, a Mr. William Minnoch, a prosperous young Glasgow merchant; (3) L'Angelier would not release her, but threatened to show her terrible love letters to her father.

To-day we conclude the story of this sinister tragedy.

CHAPTER XX.

The Dean of Faculty's Wonderful Defence.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the charge against the prisoner is murder, and the punishment of murder is death; and that simple statement is sufficient to suggest to us the awful solemnity of the occasion which brings you and me face to face."

With these words the Dean of Faculty began his address to the jury in defence of Madeleine Smith.

"You are invited," he went on, "and encouraged by the prosecution to snap the thread of that young life, and to consign to an ignominious death on the scaffold one who within a few short months was known only as a gentle, confiding, and affectionate girl, the ornament and pride of her happy home. . . . I ask for justice; and if you will kindly lend me your attention for the requisite period, and if Heaven grant me patience and strength for the task, I shall try to tatters that web of sophistry in which the prosecution has striven to involve this poor girl and her sad, strange story."

HARD WORDS FOR L'ANGELIER.

The Dean plunged straightway into the story. He asked what was this man, this L'Angelier, but an unknown adventurer who forced himself into the society of Madeleine Smith.

"The correspondence in its commencement shows that if L'Angelier had it in his mind originally to corrupt and seduce this poor girl, he acted upon the attempt with considerable ingenuity and skill; for the very first letter of the series which we have contains a passage in which she says: 'I am trying to break myself of all my very bad habits; it is you I have to thank for this, which I do sincerely from my heart.' And then she falls. . . . In the spring of 1856 the corrupting influence of the seducer was successful, and his victim fell. It is recorded in a letter bearing the postmark of May 7, which you have heard read. . . . And how corrupting that influence must have been! How vile the arts to which he resorted for accomplishing his nefarious purpose can never be proved so well as by the altered tone and language of the unhappy prisoner's letters. She had lost not her virtue merely, but, as the Lord Advocate said, her sense of decency. Gentlemen, whose fault was that? Whose doing was that? Think you that, without temptation, without evil teaching, a poor girl falls into such depths of degradation? No. . . . Influence from without—most corrupting influence—can alone account for such a fall. And yet, through the midst of this frightful correspondence—and I wish to God that it could have been concealed from you, gentlemen, and from the world, and I am sure the Lord Advocate would have spared us if he had not felt it necessary for the ends of justice—I say that even through the midst of this frightful correspondence there breathes a spirit of devoted affection towards the

man that had destroyed her that strikes me as most touching.

The Dean then passed quickly over the facts of the case, until he reached the point in Madeleine's love intrigue with L'Angelier when she wanted to jilt him for Minnoch. "On January 28 Mr. Minnoch proposes; and, if I understand the theory of my learned friend aright, from that day the whole character of this girl's mind and feelings was changed, and she set herself to prepare for the perpetration of what my learned friend has called one of the most foul, cool, deliberate murders that ever was committed. Gentlemen, I will not say that such a thing is absolutely impossible, but I shall venture to say it is well-nigh incredible. He will be the bold man who will seek to set limits to the depths of human depravity; but this at least all past experience teaches us, that perfection even in depravity is not rapidly attained, and that it is not by such short and easy stages as the prosecutor has been able to trace in the career of Madeleine Smith, that a gentle, loving girl, passes at once into the savage grandeur of a Medea or the appalling wickedness of a Borgia."

UNFOUNDED SUSPICIONS.

The learned counsel passed swiftly to the night on which L'Angelier swallowed the poison which killed him. "Now, gentlemen, from half-past nine till half-past two o'clock—at least five hours—he is absolutely lost sight of; and I was startled at the boldness of the manner in which my learned friend, the Lord Advocate, met this difficulty. He says: 'It is no doubt a matter of conjecture and inference that in the interval he was in the presence of the prisoner.' Good heavens! Inference and conjecture! A matter of inference and conjecture whether on the night he was poisoned he was in the presence of the person who is charged with his murder! I never heard such an expression from the mouth of a Crown Prosecutor in a capital charge before as indicating or describing a link in the chain of the prosecutor's case. It is absolutely new to me. I have heard it many a time in the mouth of the prisoner's counsel, and I daresay you will hear it many a time in mine yet before I have done; but for the prosecutor himself to describe one part of his evidence as a piece of conjecture and hypothesis is to me an entire and most startling novelty."

"And yet my learned friend could not help it. It was honest and fair that he should so express himself if he intended to ask for a verdict at all; for he can ask for his verdict on nothing but a set of unfounded and incredible suspicions and hypotheses. . . . If you believe the evidence of the Crown, L'Angelier suspected the prisoner of having tried to poison him before. But then says my learned friend, his suspicions were lulled. She had become more kind to him before he had left town, and his suspicions were lulled. But, I think my learned friend said, in another place, that he had a brief conversation with her in Edinburgh, and spoke of it in a very serious tone to Mr. and Mrs. Towers at Portobello. That was March 16, after which he had nothing to change his mind in the shape of kindness or confidence from the prisoner; and, therefore, if he did once entertain the suspicion, however unfounded, there was nothing, so far as the prisoner was concerned, to remove it from his mind anterior to the evening of Sunday, March 22. A man, whose suspicions are excited against a particular person is not very likely to take poison at that person's hand. I am merely uttering a very commonplace observation when I say this—but the circumstance of its being a commonplace observation makes it all the stronger here—it is a thing so plain and obvious on the face of it, that nobody can fail to see it; and yet what are we asked to believe that he did that night?"

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COULD HE DRINK IT?

"We are asked to believe that he took from her hand a poisoned cup, in which there lurked such a quantity of arsenic as was sufficient to leave in his stomach after his death 88 grains—such a dose indicating the administration of at least double-ay, I think Dr. Christison said, indicating the administration of at least half an ounce—240 grains—and this he took that evening from the hand of the prisoner, with all his previous suspicion that she was practising on his life. It is a dose which, as far as experience goes, never was successfully administered by a murderer. There is not a case on record in which it has ever been shown that a person administering poison to another succeeded in persuading him to swallow such a quantity. There is the greatest improbability of such a thing being ever done; it is a most unlikely thing, a desperate venture in which it could be given. Yet, with all these extraordinary circumstances attending the character and quantity of the dose, this gentleman swallowed it, having had his suspicions previously excited that the prisoner was practising on his life."

"SURELY SUICIDE!"

"Any, more, even supposing he did swallow all this arsenic in a cup of cocoa, as suggested, it is at least not so impossible, that, with all that undissolved gritty powder passing over his throat, he should not become aware that he had swallowed something unusual. And yet, instead of immediately seeking medical aid, or communicating his alarm or his suspicions to anybody, he staggers home in great pain; and, through the long, dreary hours of that fatal morning, amidst all his frightful sufferings, neither to the landlady, nor to the doctor, does he ever suggest that he may have been poisoned, or breathe a suspicion against her whom he had previously suspected of an attempt to poison him."

The Dean of Faculty strove hard to prove that L'Angelier had committed suicide. "Is it," he asked, "half as violent a supposition as the supposition of this foul murder, that upon this evening—the 22nd of March—in a fit of that kind of madness which he himself described came over him when he met with a disappointment—finding, it may be, that he could not procure access to an interview with the girl he desired—assuming that he came to Glasgow for the purpose—assuming, even, that he mistook the evening of the meeting, and expected to see her on the Sunday—can anything be more probable than that in such a case, in the excited state in which he then was, he should have committed the rash act which put an end to his existence?"

THE DEAN'S LAST QUESTION.

"I can see no great improbability in that. It is said, no doubt, that his death-bed scene is inconsistent with the supposition of his having taken poison for the purpose of self-destruction, because he willingly received the services of Dr. Steven. What is the evidence as to this? He refused most of the remedies suggested. He rejected the blister as useless. And he also rejected laudanum, an assigned a false reason for doing so. And, finally, he told his landlady after Dr. Steven's departure, 'The doctor does not know how ill I am,' which seems to indicate his own knowledge of a cause for his illness which was unknown to others."

And last of all he asked, "Was it in the least degree likely that Madeleine Smith, wanting her letters back, would have tried to achieve this end by slaying L'Angelier? What possible advantage could she expect from L'Angelier's ceasing to live, so long as the letters remained? Without the return of her letters she gained nothing. Her object, her greatest desire, that for which she was yearning with her whole soul, was to avoid the exposure of her shame. But the death of L'Angelier, with these letters in his possession, instead of insuring that object, would have been perfectly certain to lead to the immediate exposure of everything that had passed between them. Shall I be told that she did not foresee that? I think my learned friend has been giving the prisoner too much credit for talent in the course of his observations on her conduct. But I should conceive that to be infinitely stupid if she did not foresee that the death of L'Angelier with these documents in his possession was the true and best means of frustrating the then great object of her life."

He ended his speech with an eloquent appeal. "The time may come—it certainly will come—perhaps not before the Great Day in which the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed—and yet may be that in this world, and during our own lifetime, the secret of this extraordinary story may be brought to light. It may even be that the true perpetrator of this murder, if there was a murder, may be brought before the Bar of this very court. I ask you to reflect for a moment what the feelings of any of us would then be. It may be our lot to sit in judgment on the guilty man. It may be the lot of any one of you to be empanelled to try the charge against him. Would not your souls recoil with horror from the demand for more blood? Would not you be driven to refuse to discharge your duty in condemning the guilty, because you had already doomed the innocent to die? I say, therefore, ponder well before you permit anything short of the clearest evidence to seduce or mislead you into giving such an awful verdict as is demanded of you."

HIS FINAL APPEAL.

"Dare any man hearing me—dare any man here or elsewhere, say that he has formed a clear opinion against the prisoner—will any man venture for one moment to make that assertion? And yet, if on anything short of clear opinion you condemn the prisoner, reflect—I beseech you, reflect—what the consequences may be. Never did I feel so unwillingly to part with a jury—never did I feel as if I had said so little, as I feel now, after this long address. I cannot explain it to myself, except by a strong and overwhelming conviction of what your verdict ought to be. I am deeply conscious of a personal interest in your verdict, for if there should be any failure of justice, I could attribute it to no other cause than my own inability to conduct the defence; and I am persuaded that, if it were so, the recollection of this day and this prisoner would haunt me as a dismal and blighting spectre to the end of life. May the Spirit of all Truth guide you to an honest, a just, and a true verdict! But no verdict will be either honest, or just, or true, unless it at once satisfy the reasonable scruples of the severest judgment, and yet leave undisturbed and unweakened the tenderest conscience among you."

To conclude the story in the strange formal language of Scottish law.

The Lord Justice Clerk having concluded his charge, the jury retired into an adjoining room to consider their verdict.

"The jury having returned into court, they all answered to their names, and gave him the following verdict:—

"The jury find the panel not guilty of the first charge in the indictment by a majority; and of the second charge, not proven; and by a majority find the third charge also not proven."

"The Court assented to the panel's simplicity, and dismissed her from the Bar."

So the strange sad story ends. The story goes that Madeleine Smith, discharged from custody, lingered in Scotland to secure a censure of her former eloquent defender. She passed from view, from her native land, where, however, the memory of her lingered to this day.

THE END.

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